

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

AUGUST 27, 1925  
VOLUME 99, NO. 35



OUR CAT'S USUALLY AS  
NICE AS PIE • BUT WHEN-  
EVER THE ROOM'S EMPTY  
HE'LL SIT AND WATCH  
THE CANARY • AND • JINKS •  
DOESN'T HE LOOK MEAN!  
ONCE I CAME IN THE  
ROOM JUST TO CATCH  
HIM AT IT • BUT HE ONLY YAWNED UP AT  
ME AND BEGAN TO PURR AFFECTIONATE-  
LIKE • • HE DIDN'T FOOL ME • THOUGH •  
'CAUSE HE FORGOT TO PULL HIS CLAWS  
IN • • THAT'S ONE TROUBLE WITH TRYING  
TO DECEIVE FOLKS • EVEN A CAT IS SURE  
TO FORGET SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT

—JOHNNY'S DIARY

HARVEST NUMBER

SPORT AND SCHOOL SECTION IN THIS ISSUE

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### THE INTERMITTENT PULSE

ONE of the most common forms of irregular pulse is the intermittent pulse, in which a beat is occasionally dropped. That is an alarming symptom when it is first noticed, but one soon becomes used to it and finds that it is not necessary to be too much alarmed about it. There are two or three varieties of intermittent pulse, though all but one of them are rarely encountered.

A quite unusual form is what is called "heart block." In that affection the contraction of the ventricle of the heart does not always follow that of the auricle, as it normally does, and then of course no pulse is felt at the wrist. This intermittence may occur regularly, a beat being dropped every second, third or fourth time, or it may occur from time to time without any regularity. Heart block is usually indicative of a rather serious disease of the heart, but fortunately it is so rare that some physicians of fairly large practice have never seen it. Another even rarer form is that which is timed with the respiration; a beat is dropped at the end of every deep breath. That is due to some maladjustment between the organs within the chest and is usually of no special significance.

The most common form of intermittent pulse is that called "extra systole." "Extra" does not signify an additional systole or contraction of the ventricle of the heart, but a contraction outside of the normal—a premature contraction. The ventricle, for some reason that it would take too long to explain, every now and then makes a second contraction immediately after the preceding one without waiting the usual time; but, having made this, it waits an extra long time until the third contraction, and, as the extra contraction is usually too weak for the impulse to be felt at the wrist, it appears not to have taken place at all.

The occurrence of the extra systole jars the heart, as it were, and confuses its rhythm, and that is felt as a flutter or disagreeable sensation in the chest. The disturbance occurs usually in persons past middle life and may be regarded as an evidence that the heart muscle is not so strong as it was or that it has been weakened by some toxin within the body. The condition is not in itself serious, and it often disappears under rest, a simplification of diet and regulation of the bowels. The advice of the physician should be sought whenever there is any variation of the pulse from the normal.

### A STRANGE FEAT OF MEMORY

A WESTERN editor, college professor and publicist, speaking of remarkable memories that he had observed, says:

I've known some good memories. One was that of a Western Congressman who knows fifty thousand people in his home state and can recall every meeting with every man. I have heard Blind Tom and Blind Boone, musical prodigies who could reproduce the most difficult composition played in their hearing. I've known Al Hicks, the Montana stock inspector, who knew six hundred stock brands, their owners, their range and every vent and road brand they had ever used. But I think the most remarkable memory feat was that of a negro girl student in a high school where I once taught.

I had a class in advanced algebra, and in the textbook was a long list of problems on which we worked for weeks. For examination, I assigned any two problems on a given page, each student to make choice for himself.

One especially difficult problem in three unknown quantities had required a whole blackboard for its solution. Only one boy, the class prodigy, had mastered it.

When this negro girl, who wrote a beautiful hand but was particularly dense in mathematics, handed in a faultless solution of this

hardest problem, I couldn't see how she could have done it without cheating.

"Ellen," I said, "why did you select this one?"

"Because I could do it best, sir," she affirmed. Though I couldn't believe it, finally I said, "Well, if you did it once, you can do it again, here in my office."

I watched her as she wrote steadily, rapidly, without erasures or hesitation. Soon she handed me the paper; I couldn't have done it any better myself.

"Well, you did it, and you get your grade and an apology," I told her. "But surely you didn't work it out as you went along?"

"No, sir, I just remembered it," was her surprised response.

"Remembered it?"

"Yes, sir. Don't you remember that Harry Thatcher wrote it on the board? Well, sir, I just remembered it, and there it is!"

Those other prodigies were doing the things in which they were interested, with which they were in love. But this negro girl, knowing and caring nothing for mathematics, had nevertheless memorized all these strange figures and their intricate relationships, in which she was not interested; and to my mind her memory feat was greater than all the others.

### A VERMONT BOYHOOD

THE newspapers have had a good deal to say about the large feet of Mr. John G. Sargent, the Attorney-General of the United States. He is a large man and needs large feet. He seems to have guided them well, and they have hoisted him far up the stairs of fame.

In this connection the editor of a Boston newspaper recalls a story of two boys, told him some years ago by a Vermont man. The narrator was himself one of the boys.

These lads lived in the town of Plymouth, later made famous as the home of President Coolidge. That little hamlet lies in a mountain valley, cut off from the nearest towns by a part of the main ridge of the Green Mountains, known locally as "the mountain." A fine state road now climbs those slopes and winds through the passes. Then the road was rough and steep. The boys longed to leave their shut-in valley, cross "the mountain" and see the great world beyond. They determined to make the journey on foot.

On a Saturday in midsummer they started on their adventure, dressed in their best, including brand-new shoes. They spent the night in Sherburne Hollow, where the dark forest-clad mountains towered on every side and a mountain brook tumbled along the roadside. The next morning they started off early to cover the remaining twelve miles to Rutland, which they wanted to reach in time to hear the church bells ring. The ringing of its many bells all at the same time had been described to them as a wonder that ought not to be missed. Beyond the pass the valley spread out wide before them and they saw the road descending to the west. Fearing that they might be too late to hear the church bells ring, they took off their shoes, slung them across their shoulders and ran barefooted down the rough road. They were in time to hear the bells peal out together, and they liked to recall that pleasure in after years.

One of the boys was Ashbel G. Coolidge, a cousin of President Coolidge. He became judge of the probate court in Rutland. The other was John G. Sargent, now Attorney-General of the United States.

When John G. Sargent was called to Washington to assume his duties as Attorney-General it is said he carried his rubbers in his hand in a paper bag. That was probably done to save time. The call came; he seized what might be necessary for the trip, slipped it into the nearest thing at hand and went.

How did he guide his feet so well—from the home of his boyhood in the little valley to a high office in Washington?

Here is a clue in his own words:

"I suppose it was because we were bred to respect our work instead of to hate it that there wasn't the craving for amusement that there is now. It comes back to me now that the finest amusement of my boyhood was to lie flat on the floor and read The Youth's Companion. Then we'd listen to father read aloud from Greeley's New York Tribune and from the Boston Journal. There was a great deal of discussion of men and measures in those papers,—more in proportion than the papers print now,—and father would discuss the discussion. They were reflective men—father and his neighbors. They did a great deal of reflecting, and we boys got the benefit of it."

### A NEW ENGLAND DELICACY

THOSE who motor along the state highways of western Maine have noticed the signs on scores of little roadside restaurants announcing that crab meat and crab meat sandwiches are on sale. The growth of the crab-meat industry of Casco Bay is curious. Eight years ago the lowly crab was a neglected product of the sea. Every time the lobstermen hauled their traps they were annoyed by the presence of anywhere from a dozen to two or three dozen crabs. They thought them worthless and threw them back into the ocean.

One day a South Freeport fisherman decided

that this was a great economic waste. So he saved his crabs, took them home and boiled them, and sold the meat to the neighbors. He soon had all he could do. He finally built a little factory, where he hired girls to cook the crabs, crack the shells of the two big claws and pick out the meat with a small knife.

Today there are two factories employing a dozen girls each. At each factory from two thousand to three thousand crabs a day are received, steamed and turned over to the pickers. The girls average from twelve to fifteen pounds of meat a day. It takes from twelve to fourteen crabs to furnish a pound of meat. One woman made a record of forty-five pounds in a single working day. This meant great industry, unusual dexterity, an abundant supply of crabs, and a very long day. The record has never been equalled, although thirty pounds a day have been picked occasionally.

The factories pay the lobstermen one cent apiece for all the crabs they turn in. They also operate boats of their own, which fish for crabs and collect them from the lobstermen. The meat is of fine flavor and can hardly be told from that of the lobster. Restaurants and hotels use it to fortify lobster salads and stews when lobsters are high or scarce.

So a formerly valueless crustacean now supports a flourishing industry that directly or indirectly employs a good many people and disburses large sums of money. And all within eight years.

### SHAKESPEARE'S COLLABORATORS

DID Bacon collaborate with Shakespeare, or did he translate him? a hopelessly muddle-brained student was overheard asking another recently in the reference room of a public library.

"Neither," answered his companion scornfully. "He only edited him, pumpkin-head!"

Some years ago, when the airy little farce by Charles Lamb, Mr. H., was given a successful amateur performance, two ladies in the audience were talking before the rise of the curtain.

"Mr. H., a Farce in Two Acts, by Charles Lamb," read one of them from her programme thoughtfully. "Do you know, I had quite forgotten that Lamb was a dramatic author."

"Oh, my dear, of course he was!" exclaimed the other, with an air of kindly and superior amusement at an exhibition of ignorance. "Surely you must remember that he and his sister collaborated with Shakespeare."

"Did what?" cried the first lady. Then an explanation popped into her mind, and she added, "Oh, you must be thinking of Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb."

She meant to be polite, but she could not keep her voice from shaking with suppressed laughter or a gleam of appreciative mirth from appearing in her eyes. The first speaker, sensitive as pretentious persons usually are to ridicule, perceived it and realized that over-hasty cramming for the occasion had somehow led her into error. Though she colored deeply, she kept her superior poise.

"I did not mean collaborated with him, of course," she explained condescendingly. "That was merely a slip of the tongue. I meant translated him."

### THE OLD-TIMER IS HEARD FROM

I HAVE been interested in some of the "tall ones" which appear from time to time in The Companion, writes a subscriber, and I beg leave to submit one from my own state of South Dakota. I heard it told by an old-timer from the Black Hills. I give it in his own words as nearly as I can.

"In early days, when the railroad first came into Sturgis, leavin' the army post of Fort Meade about two mile off to one side, I got a contract freightin' supplies from the depot down to the post. One day I was unloadin' a carload of gunpowder when I had a very curious experience. I had shoveled my double-top wagon box full of the black stuff, got down out of the car, clumb up into the wagon seat, gathered up the lines of my four-mule team an' lit my pipe. Well, I jest naturally and absent-mindedly throwed the match over my shoulder into the back of the wagon. An' do you know, nigh half of that stuff burned up before I could get it tromped out?"

### HIS CLAIMS WERE MODERATE

THE customer, having coughed loudly to signify his impatience, says Everybody's, at last attracted the shopkeeper's attention.

"I want a mousetrap," he said rather sharply. "A good one, and please be quick, for I want to catch a train."

The shopkeeper eyed him coldly. "I regret, sir," he said, "that my mousetraps are not guaranteed to catch trains."

### AIRY SUSTENANCE

"MADAM," said the tramp, as he raised his hat politely, "could you give me a little something to eat? I am very hungry."

"Poor man! How long since you had a meal?" "Not since Thursday, when I listened in at the banquet that the Market Men's Association broadcast from Chicago."



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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DRAWINGS BY  
HENRY FITZ

## A MOWERS' MARATHON

By Frank M. Markham

"BOYS, we shall have a good hay day tomorrow, and we'll begin haying in earnest."

"It doesn't look to me much like hay weather," answered one of the young men addressed, "but if it doesn't rain too hard we can begin mowing."

"Do you see that little bunch of fog up there toward the top of the hill?" asked the old man. "I have lived here nigh fifty years, and I've never seen that sign fail. When the fog rises out of that basin in the woods and goes up the valley it's not ready to clear off yet; but if it turns and comes up round the point of the hill as it's doing now, it's going to be good weather."

It was a Sunday evening in the year 1847. The drowsy quiet of a summer night was settling down over the rugged landscape of western New York.

Old Sam Watkins and his two hired men were sitting on the narrow front porch of the old farmhouse, where before them were spread out the wide productive fields of the Watkins farm. Bill Martin and Ira Dale were the "regular hands" on the place. They had been working for Watkins since January, but the haying season had now arrived, and four or five extra men would be needed.

All farm work of that day had to be done by hand, and the haying and harvesting months of July and August brought the rush season of the year. The owner of a farm often hired one man of recognized ability and paid him extra wages to act as a foreman or a sort of driver for the rest of the men; he was not given authority over the others but acted as a pacemaker for the gang of mowers or reapers and by the challenge of his acts stimulated the others to their utmost efforts.

"I expect Peter Brown'll be up in the morning, and the other boys'll be right along; then we'll push business lively." The old farmer paused a moment to listen as a sweet girlish voice in the house sang the words of an old hymn. Then, as if his thoughts had been directed into a slightly different channel by the sound of the voice, he continued with an old man's garrulity: "Pete is a buster to work. He's helped me three years in haying, and he is the best mower there has ever been in this town except me. There weren't many could keep up with me when I was in my prime—and I've not forgotten how yet," he added with a chuckle. "I tell my granddaughter there," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb, "that the day she marries as good a worker as I used to be she shall have a deed of this farm. Pete took quite a shine to her last year, and I rather think from what he wrote me last week that he means business. He is the only man I know of who can fill the conditions."

At these words Bill looked up

from the weekly paper that he was reading and quietly smiled as Ira winked at him, unobserved by the old man.

Samuel Watkins was justly proud of his success as a farmer. While yet a young man he had brought his bride into the almost unbroken forest of Cattaraugus County, his only means of conveyance an ox sled on which all his worldly goods were stored. His strong arms had cleared away the timber and built his house; and through unremitting toil and the application of practical common sense he had climbed into such a position of prosperity and influence that he was considered one of the successful men of his county.

He was still vigorous and capable but devoted his time to directing the efforts of his hired men instead of attempting in a personal way any of the hard work of the farm.

Bill and Ira were both active, muscular young men, in age not much past their majority. Martin was a man not much above normal size, but a second glance at his slim waist, heavy shoulders and full chest would convince one that he was more than usually strong, supple and capable of endurance; his square chin and keen steady glance proclaimed determination and vigor of character.

Dale was taller and heavier but more loosely built. His careless manner and quizzical expression hinted at characteristics directly opposite those of his companion, but, physically speaking, they might be rated as equals.

Bill and Ira had been working for a week mowing out the road sides and off corners—"picking round," as Watkins had expressed it, "getting ready for business." While

doing this they had tested each other's mettle and skill and so confident were they that they had agreed to give Pete Brown "the worth of his money," if he should attempt his driving methods with them. "I'll bet my old hat he'll do some tall hustling before he mows round either of us," Ira had said. "I've worked with some pretty good men before now, and I ain't backward in saying that you, Bill, are about the handiest man with a scythe that I ever came up against yet, and I wouldn't be surprised if Pete got some such idea too before we're through with him."

This was the condition of affairs on the Watkins place that Sunday evening. Darkness gradually deepened as the old man talked. He was blissfully ignorant of any conspiracy by these two young men against his favorite. Indeed, if he had known it he would have been the better pleased at the prospect of getting more work out of them, for such was his confidence in Brown that he would have offered big odds on him as a winner in any contest of the kind.

Finally he rose and with a short "Good night!" disappeared in the house. Soon after Ira observed: "Well, if I am to cut my share of that seven acres tomorrow I've got to vamoose. Better come along, Bill. 'Early to bed and early to rise'; you know what Poor Richard says."

Bill made no reply but sat silently watching the hills on the opposite side where they lifted their forest-covered crests out of the dusk toward the clouds.

There was a light step behind him, and Julia Harvey, Watkins's attractive granddaughter, stood framed—a living picture in the open door. She was of medium height, straight and well poised. Her rippling brown hair, her blue eyes and fair complexion, the mellow tones of her voice and her girlish laugh had set something stirring within Bill's heart that he had never before known was there.

He quickly rose and walked with her across the road to the bars at the entrance of the seven-acre meadow lot.

"Julia," said Bill, "your grandfather says Pete Brown is coming tomorrow to lead the men in haying. He says Pete is a great worker. I understand he is the champion mower of the county."

"Grandpa thinks he is."

"Mr. Watkins hinted that you are to marry the best worker in the county and that this farm goes with you."

"O Bill, can't you beat Pete Brown mowing?"

"Do you mean that you would willingly be the prize, if I could beat Brown?"

"I don't know what I meant, but I don't like Pete Brown."

"Julia, I think you know what I mean and how I feel toward you. I think your grandfather half understands and that he said what he did to let me know that Brown is his



"O Bill, can't you beat Pete Brown mowing?"

choice as a husband for you. You must have known for weeks that I love you. Is it fair for me to ask you to make a choice between Brown and this big farm on the one hand and me with nothing on the other?"

She had been looking away from him. After a moment she turned. "William, my heart has already chosen, and grandpa's big farm can have nothing to do with the choice, but grandpa and grandma are all the family I have. We must not oppose them. I think grandpa likes you and would not object to you if it were not for this absurd idea concerning Pete Brown's ability to work. Can't you beat him?"

"Julia, what couldn't a man do with such a backer?"

At five o'clock Monday morning everybody on the Watkins farm was stirring. The hired men had few chores to do, since the stock were out to pasture; before breakfast was ready the young men took their scythes, which had been ground Saturday afternoon, and, going down to the seven-acre lot, mowed through the centre of the field and back. When in answer to the horn they went to breakfast they found Pete Brown, who had stayed with friends over Sunday in the neighborhood, grinding his scythe while Mr. Watkins turned the grindstone. Pete's wide shoulders flanked a full, heavy chest; his sturdy neck, on which was set a bullet head, and his long gorilla-like arms and hairy hands showed unmistakable evidence of brute strength. His pale blue eyes, set too closely together beneath a narrow forehead, his long teeth, showing too plainly above his rounded chin, gave at the first glance somewhat the same impression that a weasel gives.

The old man turned on the low stool on which he had been sitting to introduce the hired men and a moment later added with a sly wink at Brown, "You mustn't work these fellows too hard today; they're nothing but boys."

"No," added Ira sarcastically, "we haven't shed our milk teeth yet."

After breakfast the workmen started for the hayfield. The morning was damp and foggy but with every indication that it would "burn off." When they reached the field Bill and Ira took their scythes from a corner of the fence where they had left them, and while Pete was giving his few preliminary strokes with the whetstone to take off the feather edge Ira struck in at a moderate pace and Bill followed. Pete fell in behind with a quick stroke that showed him to be a master of the instrument he was using. It was but a minute before he was pressing Bill closely and throwing the grass on the younger man's scythe. Bill understood the hint; he increased his stroke, conveying to Ira in the same way the intimation to move more rapidly. The swaths were more than

thirty rods long and before the men were half through the field they were fairly racing. Pete had had no idea of setting out at quite so lively a pace, but when the boys ahead so willingly responded to his urging he could do nothing else than keep up.

The field was smooth. The grass, although heavy, was not lodged, but stood tall and straight and clean of weeds. Not a word was spoken by the men, but the rhythmic swing and swish of the scythes through the wet grass, the clean-cut path of stubble behind them, the neat dense rows, or swaths, of mown grass showed a degree of dexterity in the use of that primitive mowing instrument that the machine age in which we live would be incapable of duplicating.

"I vanny!" exclaimed Ira at the end of the swath, "seems to me we've been a desprit long time gettin' through there. If we don't work faster than that, hayin' will hang on till snow flies."

The other two said nothing, but each took up a handful of grass and wiped the blade of his scythe preliminary to another whetting. Then Ira could not refrain from clicking his whetstone against the rim of the blade a few times, producing a sound that in the hayfield was always understood as a challenge to a race.

Having stepped across the mown area, Bill took the lead, according to the established rule for turns, Pete Brown came next, and Ira fell in behind. Bill did not have Ira's sense of humor, and he was very much in earnest. If there had been no other incentive for his doing his best, he would have been too "riled," as Ira termed it, to submit tamely to being driven by this hayfield bully. He would show Pete that more than one could play that game. There was no appreciable advantage gained by anyone. Brown had followed the leader closely but had had no chance to do more than follow, and Ira had trodden so closely upon his heels that his estimation of the boys' ability had risen wonderfully. He began to realize that it would require his utmost efforts to get the better of them. He decided that there should be no letting down from the pace already set; he led the race back across the field once more, putting forth his utmost exertions. But do his best he could not increase the distance between him and those who followed. Ira, who was next behind him, strained every nerve and muscle to keep up. He was fired by the same zeal that a young athlete might have in winning a Marathon race from an old and trusted champion. But if he had ever hoped that an easy victory could be won from this old hayfield champion, he was doomed to disappointment, for Pete's reputation had not been established without many a contest of brawn and skill. With all his effort Ira could do no better than come in a close second in this the third heat, as it might be called.

Pete was exasperated at being followed so closely. Because he was annoyed, he either forgot to whet his scythe or he judged that by prolonging the contest without a breaking spell he might be able to exhaust the two who had hung upon his heels so tenaciously. So, without dropping behind where his place should be for the return, he stepped across and with undiminished speed began to mow back toward the bars again. Bill was the first to read the other's motive and fell in quickly behind him. Then began the real race of the day.

Bill was thoroughly roused. Not only was he younger than Pete, but he had had the benefit of a week's practice. He determined to humble this paragon mower who had come from another county to show them how to do haying, and who was also in another more important sense a personal rival. He was following Pete with a stroke that was quick and forceful. Soon he was throwing the mown grass almost on the other's scythe. Brown was breathing hard and beginning to be nervous. Bill noticed with pleasure that the steady, easy swing with which the champion had started had now become somewhat jerky and erratic. The sweat was pouring down his face, and the back of his shirt showed not a dry thread. His movements indicated to those following him his mental attitude, and Bill could not help a thrill of pleasure when he saw Pete carelessly drive the edge of his scythe against a jagged stone. They all began to feel the need of sharper blades, but Pete's was now pulling harder than the others. Ira, in spite of all he could do, had dropped several feet behind, but the two leaders were mowing now almost side by side, and both were working as they had never worked before.

Pete, although a man of great strength, was one who delighted rather in making a spectacular display of his ability at chosen times than in using it in steady industrious labor. He was naturally lazy and had not been very active since the hot weather had come; consequently he was not in the seasoned condition of the younger men who had been working for monthly wages.

They were halfway through the field, their bodies bent forward, with their feet wide apart, their arms working back and forth, back and forth from right to left, in quick, forceful, skillful strokes with something of the same ease and precision of steam pistons, when Pete stepped on an ant hill and slipped a little. That gave Bill the chance to gain one stroke and to advance side by side with his rival and annoy him by throwing the grass of his swath against the other's scythe.

As they approached the end Bill summoned all his reserve strength and swerved gradually to the left, using shorter strokes that cut a narrower swath and enabled him

to reach farther into the grass in front. In the last twenty feet of the distance he mowed diagonally across his rival's path and clipped the last bunch of standing grass from before the other's scythe, completely "cutting him out of his swath," as the feat was called in the hayfield.

They straightened up, both breathing heavily. Bill thought for a moment that Pete was about to strike him. Then they noticed for the first time Mr. Watkins, who had come to bring them some cold water, and several neighbors, who, seeing the race as they were driving by, had stopped to witness the finish. Bill glanced toward the house and saw that Julia too had been a spectator, for she gave him a glad wave of the hand as she saw his face turned toward her.

The old man seemed angered that his favorite had been defeated, for he greeted the victor rather testily: "Bill, you strike like a ram, but I can cut you out of your swath."

"Bill's back was up," as Ira afterward said, and he retorted hotly: "Mr. Watkins, take Ira's scythe, and if I don't cut you out of your swath before you mow half way across the piece I'll give you a month's work."

The old man caught up the scythe and struck in like a veteran, but Bill's impetuous strength was too much for him, for, being pressed too closely before he had mown three rods, he threw the implement on the ground and jumped to save his legs from being cut by the young man who was so hot on his track. Then he turned his back and started for the house amid the chuckles of his neighbors, who had many times heard the old gentleman boast of his ability as a mower.

The three men again applied the whetstone vigorously for a few minutes, then renewed the contest, for Pete declared his defeat was owing to the fact that he had dulled his scythe. So time after time he tried to get the advantage of the younger man, but all to no purpose. The sun came out and shone hotly upon them. Their clothing was as wet as if they had been in the river, but still they worked on with little slackening of speed. Finally when the horn blew for dinner they were swinging up through the last three swaths of the seven-acre lot.

Pete almost staggered to the house. He ate but little for dinner, and when in the afternoon the others took their forks to spread out the grass they had mown he did not go with them. At supper time said he had been taken ill and had gone home.

That evening Bill and Julia were again standing on the front porch, when her grandfather came up and spoke: "My dear, your grandmother says you have been telling her how matters stand between you and William." Then, turning to the young man he continued: "Take her, boy, and the farm goes with her, for I don't know of anyone who can take better care of either."



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

HERE is more than one way of gaining a livelihood from a worn-out farm, even one as unpromising as the old Edwards place, which our young neighbor Catherine had attempted to carry on in the usual manner for three years.

But after the fire (set by a tramp) that burned their barn, entailing the loss of hay and farming tools, she found herself unable to go on with dairying; and the way she solved the problem of getting a living there was by embarking in the easier cultivation of medicinal and culinary herbs, such as sage, mint, summer savory, caraway, coriander, camomile, wormwood, tansy, lobelia, hydrastis and several others. I believe she even attempted to raise ginseng. In a wet run below the fields sweetflag grew abundantly, and in autumn she dug great quantities of the root, which she made into sweetflag lozenges. These she sold, packed in small pasteboard boxes.

In this latter industry, as in the curing of herbs, Catherine was assisted to some extent

by her mother, who, though now badly crippled by rheumatism, was yet able to use her hands and moved about on crutches.

In short, Catherine changed the old farm over to an herb farm; and for a year or two while making a start in this new venture she gathered and cured wild herbs—thoroughwort, snakehead, catnip, peppermint, gold-thread, pennyroyal, elecampane and others—that grew in the neighboring pastures and forests.

Nothing of their former dairy herd was kept save one young Jersey to furnish them with cream and butter. Both of their work horses were disposed of; but, as some means of getting to market was needed, the old squire and Grandmother Ruth, who took a great interest in Catherine, bought and made her a present of a little calico pony and road cart. With this neat rig she was wont to drive about as necessity demanded, quite free and independent.

On her long jaunts in quest of wild herbs she often took a small gun for protection—a light piece, such as boys were then accustomed to buy for three dollars. Carried over her shoulder, it served as a support for the

great sack, stuffed full of green herbs, that she brought home at night. Often we used to see her hastening across the fields, in short blue skirt, jacket, high boots and little chip hat, with the big sack over her shoulders—a rural Diana hunting, not game, but herbs.

As it was deemed hardly safe for her invalid mother to be alone at the farmhouse so much, they presently "took" a girl off the town farm, a child ten or eleven years old, who, though considered not wholly "bright," could be sent on errands and could look after the Jersey and the little flock of poultry.

Such for several years was neighbor Catherine's quaint little ménage; her numerous plats of garden herbs became productive and profitable. A more healthful pursuit she could not easily have chosen, since it afforded constant active exercise out of doors. In fact Catherine's walks in quest of wild herbs often took her to clearings and abandoned farms eight or ten miles from home.

Up in the border of the great woods, which stretched away toward the Canadian boundary, were numbers of half-cleared

tracts where would-be settlers had made attempts at farming and afterwards abandoned them. There was "Dunham's Open," two miles from the old squire's, "Lumen's Quarrel," three miles, "Dresser's Lonesome," twelve miles, "Shanklin's Dale," seven miles, "the Widow Hawks' Place," "Bud Wilkins' Desert," so called because the soil had proved too sandy for cultivation, "Hobson's Goosery," "the Old Slave Farm" and others. Wild herbs grew plentifully at many of these clearings; there were few of them within a dozen miles of us that Catherine had not visited. Grandmother Ruth was wont to say that she believed Catherine could smell wild herbs a mile off.

One morning about the middle of August Catherine set off, leading Nep, the calico pony. She went to Hobson's Goosery for peppermint, two big sackfuls of which she hoped to gather and fetch home, slung like saddlebags on the pony's back. As usual at starting she told her mother where she was going and when she expected to return—four o'clock in the afternoon. She made use of a great deal of peppermint; she had a small still, which her mother could tend, and

## IN SHANKLIN'S DALE

By

C. A. Stephens



distilled essence of peppermint and other essences that had fairly good sale at pharmacies and sometimes at groceries.

As she did not find much of the fragrant herb at the Hobson clearing, she went on two miles farther to Shanklin's Dale, where a great deal of it was usually growing by a rivulet in a swale opening out westward to Lurvey's Stream. Here a clearing of fifteen acres or more had been made; one Levi Shanklin had gone so far as to dig a cellar and build a farmhouse with a horse shed at one end and a woodshed at the other. He had lived there with his wife, a French Canadian, for five years. But, tiring of the solitary existence, the woman had left him and gone home to Canada, though there was an ill-founded report that Shanklin had drowned her in Lurvey's Stream. A fisherman was said to have found a woman's hat a mile or two below the dale. Shanklin himself abandoned his new farm shortly after that. The house was said to be haunted by a drowned, dripping figure in white that flitted about by night.

Such tales never deterred Catherine from visiting places where herbs grew. Just before reaching the dale, however, she encountered a more tangible obstacle. At a point where the trail crossed a swamp of dense firs she came upon a "blow-down" where a group of fallen firs so blockaded the logging road that it was not possible to lead Nep past, at least not without considerable axe work. She therefore tied up the pony, gave him his luncheon and, taking one of the sacks, went on through the cleared tract past the old house to look for peppermint in the swale beyond it.

In the course of half an hour she filled the sack, then carried it back to the pony, got the other sack and started to make another trip. She had seen no game, and this time she left her little gun by the pony. Meanwhile thunder clouds had risen; a sudden shower came on as she was crossing the clearing; and she ran for shelter to the old house. The door was closed, but not locked; she succeeded in forcing it open and went hastily in; she was somewhat wet, and the rain was now beating on the shingled roof overhead.

She was scarcely inside when she became aware of a strange odor—not a disagreeable one, however, but a sweet perfume! For a moment she was quite bewildered by it. What could it be, or rather how could it have come there? For she faintly remembered something like it during the four months she had once spent in a Portland pharmacy—an imported perfume, pervasive, lingering, and expensive. She looked curiously about the old interior. The ground floor of the house consisted of two rooms only, the one she was in, which contained a fireplace, and another smaller room, the door of which hung ajar by one hinge. She peered into this second room, which held a bedstead; but the odor did not seem to issue from there. At one corner of the larger room stood a ladder that gave access to the loft. She climbed up far enough to look and sniff; but the loft was evidently not the place to look. At the opposite corner of the room a low door gave access to the head of another steep ladder, which led to the cellar. Catherine peered down; here the scent was so pronounced that she felt sure the source of it was below. But it was a dark hole, with no ray of light entering it. Catherine was not lacking in courage, but she did not like the idea of venturing down there. The perfume completely puzzled her. It was so foreign to such a place that she did not know what to make of it. A costly perfume in that old cellar! There might be something else down there, equally strange and possibly dangerous. She closed the cellar door, but determined to solve the mystery at no distant day.

The shower had now in part abated, but immediately another gathered, and as much as an hour passed before she could leave the house. Meanwhile she had explored the woodshed, to which a door opened from the end of the large room of the house. The shed was empty save for three or four refuse logs of wood, an axe and an old pung sleigh with a capacious pung box, which had been turned up on one runner against the back of the shed. On the front there was a wide,

rough door, now closed but opening out into the yard.

When finally it stopped raining Catherine decided that the wet bushes and grass in the swale would prevent her from gathering more peppermint that day, and she was on the point of leaving the house to go back where she had left Nep and return home when she heard voices at a little distance outside. So few persons came to that lonely place that she was startled. She glanced out hastily from one of the little broken windows. From the direction of the lumber trail that led down to Lurvey's Stream a man was

concealment, except that old pung sleigh turned up runner side out against the shed wall. On tiptoe she scudded to it, crept in behind and ensconced herself within the pung box. It was scarcely more than a yard in width, by two feet or so in depth, but, as it was about six feet long, it offered space to lie in out of sight.

The door to the house opened and one of the smugglers came into the shed, evidently in quest of fuel for a fire in the fireplace. He swore volubly when he saw how bare the shed was, then seized the old axe and began splitting one of the refuse logs. Catherine



*Hearing the voices very near, she stole out there*

approaching, leading a horse heavily laden with packages, lashed one above another upon its back, and a little way behind came another man with a gun on his shoulder. Who could they be, and why were they coming? Catherine knew enough of local rumors to make a shrewd guess as to their business. That old trail by Lurvey's Stream led up toward the boundary. Maine, as all know, extends northward like a broad wedge into Canada. In those days Great Britain and her colonies had free trade or low tariff, but our country imposed high duties. Maine, too, had a prohibitory law against intoxicants, whereas Canada had none. Smuggling intoxicants across the border had not then grown to be so scandalous as at present, yet more or less smuggling was always going on. Valuable imports too, which paid high duties at our seaports, were at times brought across the boundary secretly.

"Smugglers!" Catherine said to herself. Evidently they were coming to the old house; they were in fact within fifty yards of it. She could not leave without being seen, and she was badly frightened, for smugglers were usually hard characters, sometimes criminals. There was but one small window at the back of the room. She rushed to it on tiptoe, hoping to raise it and get out; but the sash was nailed fast. There was but one other exit from the room—the door to the woodshed; and now, hearing the voices very near, she stole out there, pulling the door to after her in the hope that when the fellows entered the house she might go out at the woodhouse door and take flight unseen. She stood still therefore until she heard the men entering the house; then she tried softly to open the outer door. To her sudden terror she found herself unable to stir it. That, too, like the window sashes, had been nailed up.

A horrible sense of being trapped fell on her. What should she do? At any moment the outlaws might open the door from the house to the shed. There was no means of

actually held her breath, for the fellow was so close that as he wielded the axe chips and splinters from the log flew against the bottom of the pung box. She trembled lest he should take a notion to demolish the pung box for kindling.

She breathed a little easier when he gathered up an armful of what he had split and went back into the house; yet he might soon return for more. On going in he left the door ajar. Catherine could hear the men kindling a fire, and she smelled tobacco as they sat before the blaze, smoking their pipes.

Some time passed; evening was approaching, and it became evident the smugglers intended to pass the night there. They brought in food and turned their horse loose to graze, and for half an hour or more Catherine heard them going up and down the ladder to the cellar, apparently concealing their bulky packages there.

One of the men came into the shed for more firewood, and laboriously split another log close beside the pung box. Afterward they cooked, made coffee and were eating for a long while, till it grew dark. Catherine hoped that when once they were asleep she might be able gently to pry open the shed door with the blade of the axe and escape. They sat smoking and talking over their affairs for a long time, however; not until at last she thought she heard snoring did she dare creep out, feel round in the dark for the axe and having at last found it, approach the outer door.

But all her efforts to pry the door open proved useless, though she worked at it for half an hour or more. It had been firmly nailed up. Only by vigorous strokes of the axe could it have been knocked open, and that she dared not attempt on account of the noise.

Utterly disheartened at last she laid down the axe and stole back to the pung, or tried to do so, but she had lost her bearings in the

dark and had to grope round. She made a rattling of the chips; one of the smugglers opened the house door and stood listening. "Who's there?" he exclaimed and struck a match; but Catherine was now crouching low just beyond the pung and out of sight. Apparently convinced that no one was in the shed, the man drew back from the door and closed it.

Catherine crept back to her hiding place in the box. She had concluded that the smugglers would leave in the morning and that her safest course was to lie hidden till they had gone.

Meanwhile great anxiety prevailed at the Edwards farm. Catherine's mother had looked for her at four in the afternoon. About nine that evening "Kippy," as the little girl from the town farm was called, came hastening over to the old squire's. "Miss Cathy hasn't come," were her first words. My neighbor Willis Murch had dropped in during the evening, but had started for home. I called him back, and we managed to learn from the child that Catherine had gone to the Hobson clearing early that morning. Something unusual had evidently detained her. Willis and I made haste to the Edwards place, talked with Catherine's mother, then lighted a lantern and started for the Hobson clearing—hoping to meet Catherine on her way home. As we went on we shouted and after reaching the clearing again shouted long and loud, traversing the open land to and fro.

Willis imagined she must have changed her mind and gone some other way. Neither of us thought of Shanklin's Dale more than other places. Clouds had risen again, and there was much thunder. We returned to the Edwards place, half expecting to learn that Catherine had come in.

She had not; and her mother's anxiety was pitiful to see. It was now past midnight, and the rain poured down. We did not set forth again till daylight, when Willis and I went back to the Hobson place, having first sent Kippy off to alarm other neighbors. From the Hobson clearing we now went on toward Shanklin's Dale, shouting at times; and at length we heard the pony whicker in response. Poor Nep was hungry and glad to hear a human voice. On reaching him we found the sack of peppermint and Catherine's gun. "Something serious has befallen her!" Willis said. I feared so too. We made our way round the windfalls to the old farm and just as we emerged into the cleared land saw Catherine running from the house. The smugglers had eaten their breakfast and left, taking the trail toward Lurvey's Stream; after making sure that they had really gone, Catherine had crept forth from her hiding place.

"They have gone to make another trip, I think," she said, after telling us her adventure. "And now let's see what it is they are putting in that old cellar that smells so nice!" We approached the house cautiously. Willis lighted a splint, and we all three descended the ladder. In the cellar we found an extinguished lantern, and this when lighted disclosed a rather rich spectacle. Set on rude shelves were six boxes of French embroideries. But the source of the sweet odor was a case of Parisian perfume in little bottles, one of which had been broken in transit. The whole cellar was ravishingly sweet. There was also a case, bearing German labels, that contained several coal-tar preparations that were then just beginning to be imported into this country for use as medicines.

We dared not linger even to enumerate all that was there, but hurriedly extinguished the lantern, climbed out and took our departure. The consequences of being caught by the smugglers might have been highly unpleasant.

"Now, those rogues needn't think they are going to turn my herb preserve into a smuggler's den!" Catherine exclaimed on our way down home; and that afternoon she drove Nep to the village and lodged information with the county sheriff. The sheriff and posse did not go to make search, however, until the following forenoon, and when they arrived they found the old cellar empty.

Careful as we had been in descending to the cellar, the smugglers on their return may have noticed something suspicious and hastily removed their goods—or there may have been collusion with the sheriff.





# LOVE-IN-BLOOM

By Janet Allan Bryan

**M**Y GOODNESS! Who ever saw the like of flower catalogues!" whistled Guy Owens, turning over a pile of magazines on the porch table.

"You forget," said his mother, "that we have an aspirant for garden honors in the family. Fay reads and digs and rereads and digs up and plants and replants diligently, hoping to carry off the prize Mrs. Fitzhugh has offered for the most successful garden made by the Heathton girls."

"Is that what keeps Fay so busy—and so grimy? I haven't seen her hands clean in a month!"

Mrs. Owens walked briskly up and down the long piazza, to keep herself warm in the bright, chill sunshine of the autumn day.

"Don't laugh at her; it has been a great interest to the girls, and a very wholesome one," she answered. "Our club president, Mrs. Fitzhugh, has done many public-spirited things here, but none more useful than to stir the young people to beautify their homes and educate their taste in decorative gardening."

Guy lounged over to the porch rail and looked across the smooth lawn to a narrow flowering strip along the hedge dividing the Owens home from Doctor Phillips's next door.

"Is that Fay's achievement?" he asked indulgently, with a nod in the direction of the stately rows of asters, backed by sturdy chrysanthemums, just ready to bloom.

"Yes," his mother answered; "she planted her asters rather early, and I fear their first beauty will be past before next week, when the award will be made. She is counting on her chrysanthemums though. They ought to be in their glory."

The side gate clicked as she spoke, and the young gardener herself came in, arm in arm with Sue Phillips, her neighbor, who was also a contestant for garden honors. Together they hung over the blossoming rows and inspected with careful fingers the swelling chrysanthemum buds.

"You would have beaten the bunch, Fay, if the award had been made this week," Sue said.

"Eva Landrith has the most gorgeous chrysanthemums," Fay admitted. "I was there yesterday, and her strip is just full of great golden heads. She's crazy over them."

"Mrs. Fitzhugh means to make quite a festivity of it," Sue reported. "She and her garden committee are going to roll round in her car all next Thursday afternoon, inspecting our efforts, and then we are invited to assemble at the Club House, where the award will be made and a feast spread, I understand."

Fay sighed happily. "I'd soar right over the tree tops with pride, if I got it!"

Sue, who had her own hopes as well, founded on some particularly handsome dahlias and late roses, gave an anxious look at the brilliant sunset sky.

"It's getting cold—that's my fear," she said; "my roses will only stand so much—and no more."

The fates were kind to the absorbed gardeners, however. One golden day followed another, and buds unfolded and blooms flaunted their glowing faces in many a scented garden spot. One exception to this good fortune there was—alas!

Eva Landrith, guardian of the noble row of golden yellow chrysanthemums, slipped out, one chilly night, just before bedtime, to assure herself that her flowers did not need a light paper covering. She was clad in light voile and low slippers and took no heed of the penetrating chill of her nocturnal expedition.

Next morning a severe cold declared itself, fever and pain in her chest set in, and the Landrith household promptly lost sight of flower shows in keen anxiety over a threat-

ened case of pleurisy. The news spread quickly among Eva's friends, and many messages of affectionate commiseration came to her door, coupled with offers of care for her garden. Eva had reason for her uneasiness; her home stood at the lowest point in Heathton, and her plants were liable to be nipped earlier than those in the more elevated places.

In her fever she tossed restlessly and begged that her flowers might be covered each night. This was done, until Monday of the decisive week, when Eva was distinctly better and Mrs. Landrith, tired by her wakeful nights, fell asleep immediately after supper, forgetting her garden responsibilities.

The next morning a blank-looking housemaid came into the sick room to build the fire. "Mrs. Landrith," she whispered, glancing at the sleeping girl, "I hate to tell you, but Miss Eva's flowers is all nipped this mornin'."

"O Minnie!" cried the mother distressfully. "You don't mean it! And I forgot to cover them last night!"

"Don't be lettin' on to her," the kind-hearted maid urged, "and maybe the sun'll be bringin' 'em out, yet."

But Mrs. Landrith shook her head. "Alas! There's not much hope of that; but we won't tell her, today." She looked intently at Eva's face, sharpened by her week of illness. "It might worry her so that the fever would come back."

All day the mother evaded any mention of the disaster, and Eva, languid and free from pain, made perceptible strides toward recovery.

There was great sympathy expressed among Eva's competitors; the girls felt that it was indeed hard that she should suffer the double misfortune of illness and disappointment—all the more as their own plots had been spared and the elimination of her splendid chrysanthemums gave each of them a better chance for the prize.

They did not know that Eva was as yet ignorant of her loss, and Fay's warm heart, especially, ached for the sick girl, lying helpless while the objects of her long care drooped sadly in the ironic noon-day sun. She eyed her own handsome hedge of yellow and white—not so fine as Eva's, but hopeful enough. Indeed, she felt assured that her chrysanthemums were unmatched by any of the others, now that Eva's were out of the

question. But beneath the exhilaration of her hope ran a generous undercurrent of unwillingness to profit by her chum's misfortune.

"Poor little Eva," she murmured Wednesday afternoon as she hung over her delicate rows, irresolutely. "You are not nearly so beautiful as hers were, and she hasn't even one left—to show!"

A moment more, and her resolution was taken. Running for her trowel and a big jardinière of her mother's, she knelt down by her garden plot and dug up, roots and all, the finest of the golden chrysanthemum plants. Very carefully she put it into the big pot, supporting the heavy blossoms skillfully with an ornamental flower staff of green wood, topped by a painted parrot, and then, rising, stepped back to view her row, denuded of its choicest bloom.

Perhaps she felt a pang as she called Guy to ask him to drive her, plant and all, round to the Landriths, but if so, it was quickly stifled.

The brother gave a quizzical look at Fay's face flushed and tense, as they rolled along.

"Pretty decent of you, kid," he vouchsafed, "to give away your best posy. Think old lady Fitzhugh will consider you for the prize, now?"

"I don't suppose she will," Fay answered. "Sue's bed was about as good as mine, at its best, and Amy Wilson and the Proutys have lovely ones. But—" her voice was a bit unsteady—"I just couldn't stand Eva's losing everything, and some of the girls are counting on her failure so, without thinking what it means to her. I want her to have something to look at, in her room, even if all her work has gone for nothing."

The arrival of the lovely plant seemed to offer an opportunity to break the news gently to Eva, and, though she was sadly upset by it, she was so pleased by Fay's generous gift that the blow affected her less than her mother had feared it might do.

Meanwhile the weather had moderated so much that there seemed no further danger to the other gardens, and the last night before the award fell mildly over the waiting plots of bloom.

At twelve o'clock the sky was clear and star-lit as Guy Owens bolted the front door. At two he fumbled sleepily at the foot of his bed for the blanket; at three an ominous

chill crept through the house; and at five a heavy white frost stiffened every stalk in the garden!

Fay sprang, startled, out of bed at seven, feeling the end of her cold nose, and, running to the window, she took in the dire truth. The moment she was dressed she dashed out on the lawn, muffled in her heavy coat. Her worst fears were confirmed. No mere nipping was this—but a genuine freeze. The overblown asters and the sturdier chrysanthemums were smitten with disaster.

One moment's despairing resentment she felt—and then an odd bit of comfort came into her mind. "How glad I am that I gave Eva the best, yesterday!"

There was little talk of that morning but the downfall of the girls' hopes; all had suffered in this last slap of fate, and the general opinion was that Mrs. Fitzhugh's inspection would be a farce and had better not be attempted. But that lady was not minded to give up her programme, and when the afternoon's sun was at its brightest and most mocking she and her committee drove from house to house and took counsel with each disappointed gardener, praising the evidences of faithful work, and advising wiser methods for next year.

As she drew near the Landriths, last on her list, she hesitated to intrude on account of Eva's recent illness, but Mrs. Landrith ran down to the gate to invite her in.

"I want you to see something in Eva's room," she declared, her eyes shining.

Eva was sitting up at her window, and, turning with an excited flush at Mrs. Fitzhugh's entrance, she cried: "O, Mrs. Fitzhugh, I've heard about the misfortune to the girls' gardens, and of course you know mine was the first to go; but look here!" she pointed to Fay's nodding gift. "Fay Owens brought me that, Wednesday afternoon. She gave me her finest plant, because she felt so sorry for my loss. I thought if you knew it and saw this perfect thing, you'd give her the award!"

Mrs. Fitzhugh put her hand on the excited girl. "That's a beautiful solution of my problem, my dear," she said; "I think it does equal credit to you and to Fay!"

After examining the glowing blossoms admiringly, she asked if she might have the plant carried carefully to the Club House, where her guests were assembling; she promised to return it in good order. During the next half-hour the handsome club rooms buzzed with townspeople, invited to hear Mrs. Fitzhugh's talk on gardens and to witness the crowning of their daughters' efforts.

The effects of the frost were known, of course; so the country expected an announcement of the impossibility of making the promised award. What was their surprise, therefore, at the conclusion of the president's interesting and inspiring address, to hear her say:

"And now it becomes my pleasant duty to award a prize to one of our Heathton girls, who has labored most diligently in planting and tending a decorative garden."

She turned to wheel forward a small, hidden stand on which Fay's noble chrysanthemums nodded engagingly and in a few words told the pretty little story—without names—of the gift and its unforeseen consequences.

Animated whispers quickly made known the name of the sick girl; but not until some one caught sight of Fay's flushing face was her rôle known. Then Sue Phillips and Mary Prouty each seized a reluctant hand and led Fay to the platform, where Mrs. Fitzhugh smilingly put into her arms the charming set of garden books prepared for the winner of the award.

"And may I say," added the speaker earnestly, "that in spite of frost and blight, my dear, I think your garden has borne a beautiful blossom; asters and chrysanthemums may be frosthitten, but love is in bloom, and its fragrance is immortal!"



She stepped back to view her row, denuded of its choicest bloom

DRAWN BY JOHN GORS



# TRAILING THE FAIRS IN A BOX CAR

By Wendell S. Clampitt

**Y**OU who have visited the State Fair, and have followed the curious crowd through the aisles of the cattle barn: As you noticed the herdsmen lounging about or attending to their well-groomed and much-pampered charges, have you ever wondered what sort of a life it is these caretakers lead? You visit the fair for a day or two perhaps, but for these men, often for a period of two months or more, fair grounds and cattle freights are home. They may take their stock from fair to fair in a continuous circuit lasting almost any length of time, owing to the convenient arrangement of fair dates in series.

If you would learn how one fresh recruit to the ranks of show cattle herdsmen felt, consider the tale of Willie Waters, who thought to enlarge the agricultural education received from farm and college by eight weeks' experience on the fair circuit. John, accompanying him as boss and mentor, had already had previous show experience—a valuable addition to his college training.

The morning of departure had come. The dozen head of Shorthorn "double-deckers," from the young calves still restless at the leash to the staid old cow, a veteran of many fairs, were safely loaded into the box car on the home siding that had been made ready for them. They were tied to a rail that had been spiked along one side of the car, knee deep in the fresh bedding and hay already supplied. Each milk cow had a stall to herself, the partitions contrived by farmer carpenters. A loft at either end of the car carried the sacked feed and was to serve as a bed when necessary. If Willie could have

left partly open, and with a thrill realized that a new page in his education was being turned. It was eight weeks later, after they had rattled over twenty-three hundred miles, that they were again shunted off on the same siding.

Willie was to learn a lot about freights. He rode slow freights and fast freights, locals and specials, "way" freights, "time" freights and "manifest" freights. The special stock freight that usually transports the show animals between the principal fairs will speed along merrily all day without giving you time to dash over to a restaurant for lunch. It may linger tantalizingly near one, but the longer stops are usually made in the freight yards in the outskirts of the city.

The way freight, on the other hand, will loiter at every station, without seemingly caring whether it gets anywhere or not. Once a car of show stuff gets upon the circuit, however, its hauls are usually quickly made by fast trains.

After returning, Willie no longer held the old impatient attitude toward the long freight train as it delayed him at a crossing. He remembered when he was a part of such a one, from the inside looking out, and an impulse akin to homesickness—a desire to be on the road again—would come over him. He remembered what fun it had been to stand at the door as they passed through

city and suburb, waving to the children in back yards and the girls on back porches. He thought how, when the train was crawling up some long grade, he would sit on the chest at the car door with legs dangling and view the changing panorama. On long hauls the freights seemed loaded to their limit. Coming out of the valley after crossing the Mississippi river from Minnesota over to Hudson, Wisconsin, it was all two engines could do to keep the train moving. But on the down grade how the cars would rock and rattle!

A fine observation car, the "side-door Pullman." But there were other things to be done on the first trip out than view the scenery. For over a month the cattle had been getting ready, but finishing touches were needed on horns and hoofs. At noon—they were feeding and milking three times a day now—there were the feed pans to distribute, and Willie had his first practice in dodging under horns and behind tails. Before their tour was ended his agility at so doing had much improved.

At their first fair the boys made a spectacular entry. Their car was switched to the unloading chutes after nightfall. Helpers came, and with each man leading two rather unbroken animals the procession moved to the barns, right through the main avenue of the Midway shows, thronged for its first night. Towards the end of the season the cattle were much more docile. "Every cow," John remarked once, "ought to spend a month on the show circuit for the sake of the training it gives her."

The next day, after rising for a four-

o'clock milking, Willie began to be initiated into the labors of a herdsman and to learn that show life is not just one continual round of pleasure. Virtually every morning the cattle were led out for exercise while the caretaker remaining behind would clean their stalls and shake up fresh bedding for the day. Next came feeding—then watering. Public watering tanks are taboo with the man who cares for fine stock; each stockman carries his private water pails. When hay had been strewn for the cattle and all were munching contentedly, the herdsman was at liberty to have his own breakfast.

After breakfast, the animals were to be curried off. Then they were blanketed, as a protection from flies and dirt and to keep their coats in better condition. When it is a choice between the satisfaction of the visitors or the comfort of his cattle, the good herdsman always decides in favor of the latter. Cattle are certainly much more attractive when displayed without their blankets, but the herdsman wastes little time in catering to the rank and file of the passers-by. His mind is centred on the practical considerations of winning prizes and making sales.

The day preceding their first show was a busy one for John and Willie. The cattle, which had to be washed before their showing at each new fair, needed a particularly good shampooing with tar soap and water, as little washing had been done at home. It was some weeks before the white animals could be reduced to their native snowy aspect, despite the treatments of bluing with which John tried to remove the yellow stain from their hair. Brought back from the wash rack, each animal was double blanketed. While John, in rubber boots and apron, did the scrubbing Willie was kept busy fitting blankets and scraping horns.

No subsequent winnings, even at the big fairs, gave Willie the thrill of that first show. The morning was one of excitement, as the horns had to receive their final sandpapering and polish and tails had to be washed and fluffed out, in addition to the usual morning grooming. As this was only a small district fair, the judging arena was merely the open space between two barns. It was arranged to trade help in leading with one of the other exhibitors; at eleven o'clock arrived the supreme moment. "Get your aged milking Shorthorn bulls in the ring," was the first command. Next came the two-year-old bulls, and so on down the line. Willie was kept busy removing blankets, adjusting halters and giving final touches with a cloth saturated with olive oil. So with coats glistening, horns polished and tail switches freshly fluffed each animal was led to the arena as his class was called. And as John returned again and again with the blue ribbon held in his teeth, the excitement of the game was heightened.

A half-hour was taken off for lunch, but John and Willie were too busy to eat. A constant watch had to be kept down the line to keep the animals clean, and the pitchfork

was worked full time. The animals that had already been shown in their individual classes were again blanketed to await their showing in the groups. Soon judging began again, this time with the females, from the aged cows in milk down to the heifer calves. Champions were decided, then graded herd, get of sire, young herd and pair of calves. There were sixteen blues in all to be divided among the competitors. It was fast work here compared with the larger entries found at bigger fairs or in the more common breeds. At three o'clock the final award was made, and immediately John sat down with premium book and pencil to find how much of the premium money they had succeeded in wresting from their competitors. A boy who came through the barn selling popcorn reminded Willie that it was far past lunch time. But the supply of blue and purple ribbons tucked away in John's suitcase was ample recompense for time spent and sleep and dinners missed.

Probably the ordinary person as he passes through the barns is not aware of the suppressed excitement and bustle that prevails among the herdsmen the day when their particular breed is being shown. There is no lounging about on show chests for them on that day, and little time is there to be spared in answering the questions of visitors. When crowds are thick it is often hard to get passageway as the animals are being hurried out to the judging arena.

The herdsman cannot be blamed for often regarding the crowds of visitors as a nuisance. He takes a secret delight in leading a docile horned beast into close proximity to some unnoticed young woman, who rarely fails, once attention is attracted, to utter the expected little scream. "Look out for the wild and hooking cow," John would announce on such an occasion. City folk would promptly take a respectful distance, but the more sophisticated country people, like city ladies at a street crossing, seemed to consider their safety a matter for the other fellow's concern exclusively. Of course the actual danger to the visitor from the stock is slight, but it is a convenience to the herdsman if the visitor is on his guard.

The cattle herdsman bears a quite different attitude toward the fair crowds from that of the hawk of novelties or of the salesman at a furniture-store booth. These must go out and get their patrons; the former depends on the interested persons coming to him. A man does not need to be persuaded that he needs a pure-bred Shorthorn bull in the way in which he must be urged to buy a gyroscope top or a piece of sheet music.

Big bulls and little calves, whether good representatives of their breed or not, never fail to attract more popular attention than the best animals of average size. "How much does he weigh?" is a question that the bull's caretaker must answer incessantly.

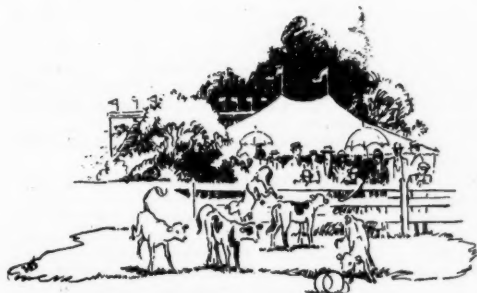
At fairs like those at the Twin Cities and Memphis, where city people predominated, the event of milking received considerable notice. Fathers would pause to show their children for the first time "where our milk comes from." One altruistic herdsman undertook to give free lessons in the art of milking, and a crowd assembled as several young girls in knickerbockers took turns with pail and stool at the cow. There were much giggling and free advice, but little milk was obtained through their efforts.

One exhibitor had a pair of twin white calves born on the fair circuit, and these when led in the evening's cattle parade in



DRAWINGS BY W. P. DODGE

Going aboard the "side-door Pullman"



Frisky youngsters in a "calf frolic"

peered into the future, he might then have beheld the thirteen nights in the two months following through which that car loft was to rock him—at times none too gently—in his slumbers.

It was a ventilated car, in which a load of watermelons had been shipped from the South. Small shutters at either end and side doors with vertical bars admitted none too much air for some of the hot days of late summer. It was found that the cattle under the overhead lofts suffered especially badly; so parts of the flooring were torn out as fast as the feed was removed. Many cattlemen use roomy automobile or furniture box cars to transport their show stuff. In these a wooden bar would be the only closing for the side doors except in inclement weather. In Willie's car the special grating doors made it possible to close up for the night against intruders. For those willing to pay rental the special stock cars enable the exhibitor to move his animals in much more convenience and comfort.

When the last bull had been cross-tied by double ropes, and the big chest full of blankets and equipment set against the grating door behind the animals, Willie mentally observed that forty feet divided by twelve cattle did not leave much space to spare. The way freight arrived. Last buckets of water were carried to the supply barrel in the car while the engine completed its switching. A final bump, and they were coupled. A succession of clanks, as the slack in the couplings was taken up, and they were off. Willie hopped on the ladder, conveniently nailed beside the one door that was



With coats glistening, horns polished

the hippodrome were the chief object of attention. An attempt was made to capitalize this interest in young things at the Minnesota fair by turning loose a number of young calves in the judging arena for a "calf frolic."

Willie came to appreciate this human-interest factor after a new addition had come to their own herd. The little white fellow was sickly from the first, and children who noticed it would pause long enough to call, "Mama, see the little baby calf." "Oh, the sweet little thing," was a comment from the sentimental woman passerby so habitual that it came to be expected.

After unloading from a hot thirty-six-hour trip from Springfield to Memphis, the calf completely lost its vitality and, refusing to feed, lay limp on its bedding all the remainder of the day. When John attempted to revive it in the cool of the evening a man from the city and an elderly herdsman caring for a herd near by stopped to contribute their sympathy. They helped to apply cold cloths to the calf's fevered head and as anxiously as though it were an infant felt its lagging heart beat for signs of encouragement. The next morning every one in the barn seemed to have heard about the sick calf. Men who would ordinarily have passed by paused to ask about its welfare. A veterinary in charge of another herd became interested, perhaps because of his wife's attentions to the little fellow, and after the second night, improved by doses of aromatic spirits of ammonia, the calf had regained strength enough to stand up again. Raw eggs were his chief diet for the next day or so. When Willie watched the calf frisk about after their return home, it was hard for him to believe it was the same calf that he had offered to give to Dr. Payne's wife the first time she had fondled the sick little fellow and asked, "What will you give me if I make him well?" Yes, he reflected, baby calves probably attract as much attention as human babies, and when sickness comes to either you learn how much sympathy there is in the world.

On the long hauls of the special fair-stock freights one stop would be made for water. While the supply barrels or tanks in each of the forty-odd cars were being filled from the hose, the waiting men would sit on the rails and chat. At other times some one would discover a pump in a private yard from which water could be drawn, and men who were needing water would participate in a bucket brigade. Informal acquaintances were sometimes made when a man, risking an attempt to fill his water jug at some stop, would find his train pulling away from him and jump into the first open car doorway that presented itself. Willie had been purchasing lunch one evening after loading out from the platforms at Springfield and returned in time to see his car slowly pulling away. In haste he threw a bag of fruit at John through the open car doorway, tossed a package of sandwiches after it and then seized hold of the ladder. As if to chide him for his haste, the car then came to a dead stop, and he proceeded to collect the apples and pears that had rolled from the burst sack out under the feet of the animals.

Each fair had an atmosphere of its own. At the smaller ones there was more uniting into friendly groups than where the number of strangers was greater—in the same way that one can join with the group on a street corner in Pumpkin Center when it might not be wise in Los Angeles on Second and Main streets.

Willie remembered having read some doctor's assertion that the constant presence of the "madding crowd" caused many people to become nervous. Certainly one bombarded on all sides by cries of "Coney Island red-hots," "Pop on ice," "Get an ice cream sandwich—you'll like it—you'll like it—and it's only a nickel," and so on, in monotonous variety—surely a fair visitor in the face of all this has need of steady nerves. But Willie grew accustomed to it. He wondered whether when he returned to the farm he should be like the city dweller who went to the hills to rest and was driven to distraction by the unbroken silence.

In what way does the herdsman chiefly find his amusement? None, in particular. There are as many ways of recreation as

there are types of men. Willie found occupation for all his spare time in looking over the other fair-grounds exhibits, from rabbits to automobiles. Others, familiar with the circuit, would hardly stir themselves from the cattle barn. Each new city also invited a visit. One spot that will linger long in Willie's memory was in the beautiful Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield, where the impressive monument containing the tomb of Lincoln stood. It was with reverence that he bared his head before the statue of Lincoln placed thereon. He felt that truly he stood on holy ground.

The old routine of drinking and carousing herdsmen are passing from the fairs. It is more often the young college man—like Willie, out to extend his contact with life—who is found in the stock barns. In their aisle one evening four college graduates sat chatting of undergraduate days. One was from North Dakota, another from Minnesota, the third from Illinois, and a fourth from Iowa State College. Even though liberal-arts training may be neglected in our technical agricultural schools, they give a stamp of culture and respectability that association with other types cannot completely submerge.

Provisions for sleeping, on the fair circuit, are of a varied and makeshift character. Both John and Willie had their camp cots, which, when the cattle stalls were crowded, they set up in the alley behind the animals. They took them out of their equipment chest after the evening stragglers had ceased to pass through and folded them away early the next morning before starting the chores for the day. Oftentimes the cots would go unused. A bed of straw was quite as satisfactory; frequently John would spread his bed on top of the big show chest. The pride of one young showman was a heifer that had won junior championship. Willie thought it quite natural when one night he discovered Sam sleeping on the bedding in this calf's stall, snuggled up in a way that would indicate he found it the best of bedfellows. To find a comfortable bunk on a freight is a little more difficult matter. Willie would deplore the haste of the engineer when the loft upon which he was attempting to rest would begin jostling up and down as the cars careened down the track. Even in baby days he had never received such a violent rocking. He finally discovered that by rolling over against the side of the car the effect of the vibration was not so pronounced, and thereafter he passed his nights in tolerable comfort.

Freights have a peculiar habit of pulling out in the middle of the night. The trainmen would urge you to load hastily, about dark, only to let your car stand for several hours before you were bumped and with brakes squealing were hauled to where the train was being made up in the yards.

Now they were almost home from their last fair. The "brakie" had said a local would soon pick them up, as he switched them off from the through train only twenty-five miles from their destination. But darkness fell, and still they stood in the yards. The boys crawled up to their lofts, and soon Willie was asleep. Later in his slumber he was dimly aware that they were moving—switching, perhaps. Now they were backing again. "Will they never get us out of these yards?" Willie thought. But their engine had left them standing again.

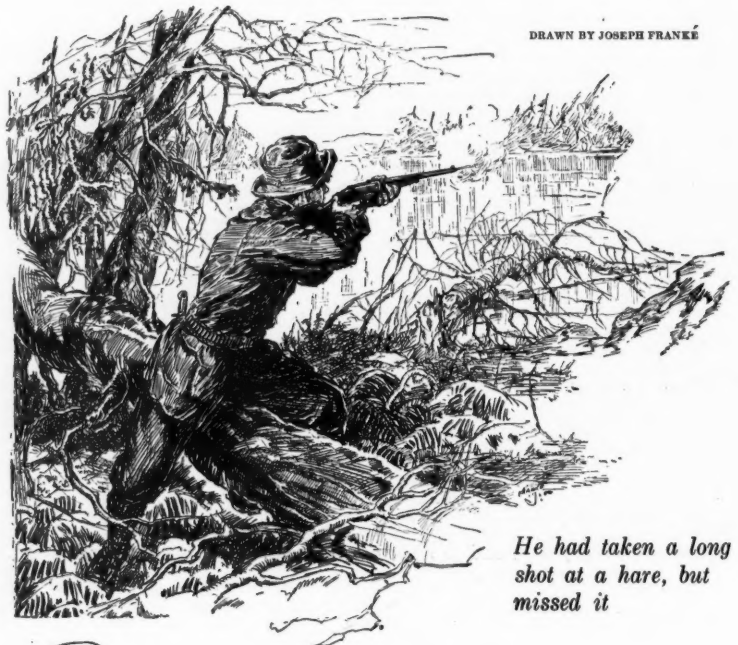
"Hey, Willie!" John cried suddenly. "We're home."

And so they were. And at that minute, in a house a few miles off that was really home to him, the clock on the mantel was announcing midnight. He broke open the last bale of hay on the loft and spread it out into a comfortable bed. "We won't unload till morning," John had said.

And so for the last time Willie sank into slumber on his box-car bed. The cattle, relieved from the usual swaying of the car, quieted down, till only their regular breathing was heard. In Willie's dreams was there regret that his journey was ended? He had begun to tire of this nomadic life, but now that it was nearly over—And as the earth continued to roll through space his watch ticked off the minutes that yet remained to complete his "thirteen nights in a box car" or "eight weeks on the fair circuit."

# SILVER DRIFT

By  
Frank Lillie Pollock



He had taken a long shot at a hare, but missed it

## III. FROZEN IN



"I've got her this time, no mistake!" Matt was shouting. Walter's breath caught in his throat with emotion and excitement and fear of another disappointment.

But Matt was right. A few moments was enough for the boys to pull away the green cover sufficiently to show the enormous pile of ore sacks, scores of them, it seemed. Little, if any, of the cargo could be missing. The bags had been piled closely in a space a dozen feet square and so cunningly masked and covered that a casual glance would never have detected any disturbance in the undergrowth.

Walter untied one of the sacks. A stream of ore lumps the size of ducks' eggs rolled out, lumps of rock seamed and veined with shining streaks, some of them lumps of apparently almost pure silver with streaks of rock, and here and there what looked like a solid nugget.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Roll, slightly awed. "Rich stuff! No wonder those high-graders were after it. Heavy as lead," he added, lifting one of the sacks.

There was intense jubilation. Tears rose in Walter's eyes. He flung an arm round Matt's shoulder and gave him an exuberant hug.

"You're the one that did it, Matt!" he ejaculated shakily. "I guess the reward's coming to you."

"Shucks!" Matt said deprecatingly. "You'd have spotted it if I hadn't. But say, what do we do with it now?"

"Yes, what'll we do?" said Roll. "Now we've found the stuff, shall we leave it here and go out for help to bring it home?"

Walter hesitated. He hated to think of losing sight of the treasure they had struggled so hard to find. The pirates might come back at any time to move what was obviously a temporary cache. He turned to Matt for counsel.

"The question is," said the young woodsman, "whether the high-graders meant to come back for it with a boat, a big launch or something, or whether they figured on bringing it out with a team of horses when the ice got solid enough to bear. If it's a boat, they'll be back quick, with this early freeze coming on. If it's teams, it'll be a month or two before they can likely do anything."

"Two of us might stay with it—but we

couldn't hold out against four men. I hate to leave it where it is," said Walter.

"It might be a big risk," Matt admitted. "Tell you what—why not move it over to Detroit Camp and hide it there? It isn't more than a mile or so. Far enough and not too far."

"How could we move it—six or eight tons?" asked Roll.

"Why, the Kingfisher can carry it, can't she, if we make trips enough?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I don't know how much she'd carry. I never used her for freight. It'd be a slow job."

"Not so very," said Matt. "We ought to get it all moved in a couple of days. In fact, we've got to. The grub'll barely last that long."

"Well, let's try it," said Roll, after some reflection. "Pick up the sacks and come along with them."

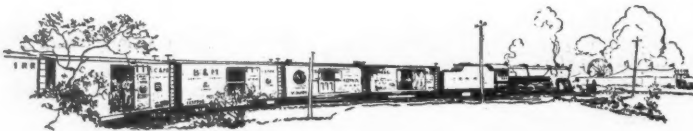
It was not so easy. The bags of ore were nearly as heavy as lead, as Roll had remarked. They were not large, but one of them was as much as two of the boys could easily carry down the rocky shore. By the time five sacks were aboard, the Kingfisher was so low in the water that it was plain that she had her maximum load, and Roll backed her out through the broken ice and started toward Detroit Island.

They were not quite sure of the direction and lost time by needless deviations, but the distance was really not much more than a mile. Roll ran alongside the log wharf, and they piled the concentrates ashore. A hiding place could be found for them later. They left Matt with them, partly as a guard and partly to save his weight on the next trip.

Roll and Walter loaded the boat alone, putting on six bags this time, and when they returned to Detroit Camp they found that Matt had worked out a brilliant plan while alone.

"Let's sink the sacks in the water close to the shore," he proposed. "They'll be clean out of sight. The first freeze'll seal them over. Then we can go away and feel easy, for even if those pirates came this way they'd never guess where the ore was."

It did seem a good idea. Matt had even looked up a suitable place for the sinking—a spot about fifty yards down the shore from the wharf, where the water was three or four feet deep close to the bank. He had broken up the ice in sounding its depth. They carried the sacks down and heaved





them into the water. Certainly it was the easiest kind of cache possible, and the sacks could be easily brought up with grapples when the salvage tug came in.

All that afternoon the boys labored, Matt and Walter taking turns at remaining ashore, while Roll always drove the boat. They grew tired; their arms and backs ached with the heavy weights, but they kept it up as long as there was light to see, and when they knocked off at last they felt greatly encouraged. At that rate of progress the work would be finished the next day and the Kingfisher could start for Georgeport.

The responsibility of the recovered silver had begun to weigh on them all. Through the afternoon while they worked they had been constantly and nervously on the alert, half fancying they heard approaching paddles, motor engines, men's voices. After their meagre supper of bacon, oatmeal cake and a very few beans they still hearkened to imaginary sounds outside the cabin. They felt that they ought to set a watch that night, but they were all dead tired. After a feeble attempt to keep awake they took to the spring bunks at nine o'clock and slept like logs.

Walter awoke once after midnight and got up to put more wood on the glowing fireplace. He opened the door to look at the weather. The sky was brilliant with stars, and the air was so cold that it stung his face. He did not awake again till after daylight, when he was aroused by Matt's clattering with the cookstove in the shed.

Roll had just come in with a bucket of water. Instantly the events of the past day flashed through Walter's mind and stung him alert. The silver was found; they would bring in the rest of it today. He jumped up.

"No hurry," said Roll. "Just look out." Walter looked from the window. The whole scene had changed. The dark channels and sheets of dark water had vanished, transformed to pale gray ice. Only in the very middle of the wider channels there remained a strip of black water, still unfrozen.

"Frozen in, all right!" Roll said. "No more motor-boating for a while. But I guess it'll thaw again. Winter can't be starting. Why, we're due to have Indian summer yet. Anyway, there's no danger of high-graders getting at us just now."

Walter was appalled. The big freeze had caught them just a day too soon. They were marooned on the island. It was impossible either to use the boat or to travel over the unsafe ice.

"It ought to thaw soon," said Matt, coming in. "I don't know, though. Might be an early winter. If it is, we can move on the ice. Only how about grub while we're waiting?"

"I don't know either," said Roll. "But if breakfast is ready let's eat while we can."

Matt had rationed out the breakfast with more rigor than ever. He had even attempted to make mush out of the musty oatmeal found in the cupboard, but, though the boys were still hungry from an insufficient supper, they found it uneatable. When the meal was over they felt almost as empty as when they sat down. Matt looked over the few supplies again with anxiety, and after he had washed the dishes he borrowed Roll's shotgun and went out without saying anything.

Half an hour afterwards they heard a shot down toward the end of the island, but he presently came back empty-handed. He had taken a long shot at a hare, but missed it; and it had "scoted like lightning," as he said, across to the next island, over thin ice where he dared not follow. He had seen no other live thing, not even the usual whiskey jacks.

There was food enough for perhaps one more day. Tea and sugar were the only plentiful articles, but they could hardly support life. Another very cold night might make the ice strong enough to bear. If they could hunt the islands they would surely pick up some sort of game. Experimenting, they found that the ice would generally carry their weight for a dozen feet or so from shore, but beyond that point it cracked threateningly.

"Why couldn't we haul the rest of the concentrates over here on some sort of sled, if the ice gets strong enough?" Roll asked.

"I expect we could, if we had a sled," said Walter, "and if we had anything to eat while we were doing it."

Roll said nothing more, but presently wandered off outdoors and brought in a quantity of odd bits of lumber and timber, scattered waste from the building of the

cabin. He sawed and hammered a little in the lean-to, but his efforts did not look promising. Walter failed to take much interest in the work; the question of food was too insistent just then. Matt, evidently with similar feelings, watched Roll for a little while, then secured some fishing tackle from the Kingfisher and cut a hole in the ice well out from the wharf. Here he fished patiently for two hours, without getting a bite. Probably the fish had gone out to the deeper and warmer waters of the bay.

That day dragged on like a dismal eternity. Outdoors it was bleak, cloudy and still. Now and again a flake of snow drifted down. The boys were silent, tried to sleep, were continually hungry. The sudden paralysis of effort at the very moment of success was intolerable. The only relieving feature was the abundance of firewood; they could keep the camp warm, at any rate.

It froze very hard again that night, and in the morning the last vestiges of open water had disappeared. Matt crossed the narrow channel where the rabbit had fled, and reported the ice safe. The wider channels might hardly bear in the middle, but by keeping along the shores they would be able to travel considerable distances.

Early in the forenoon Matt took his rifle and announced that he was going after game in earnest. The venture was far from safe, but the need was great and nobody dissuaded him. While he was gone Walter made a short excursion with his double-barrel, but failed to start any game and came back dispiritedly to find Roll tinkering at the framework of his sled. It was growing toward noon when they heard, very faint and uncertain, the distant report of a rifle.

"There's Matt!" cried Roll, jumping up. "He's found something."

They ran outside the cabin to listen. The air was dead still, and sound would carry a long way. After some fifteen minutes they heard a second shot, followed quickly by a third.

"That must be a mile away. You don't suppose anything's wrong?" said Walter uneasily.

Minutes passed in unbroken silence. Half an hour went by; then it was an hour, and the boys were growing anxious to the point of preparing to go in search when they espied the hunter coming cautiously round the corner of a distant island.

He had his rifle on his shoulder and was hauling something after him like a sledge. It resembled the body of a large brown dog; but as Matt came up, grinning in elation, they saw that it was the dismembered carcass of a deer, wrapped up in its hide and corded with strips of skin.

"Bully for you, Matt!" Roll shouted. "How did you get him?"

"Why, it was that deer on the island by the barge," Matt explained, beginning to unwrap the meat. "I'd been thinking about him ever since. I was afraid he'd get away as soon as the ice got strong enough to bear him, and I made straight for there. I jumped him right after I struck the island, and shot at his white flag and missed him. I followed him down to the end of the island, and he trotted out on the ice and stopped,—afraid it wouldn't bear, I guess,—and I got him twice. I dressed him off right there and made tracks for camp. I reckoned you fellows would be hungry."

"Hungry? Well, rather!" cried Roll. "I could pretty near eat him raw."

It was rather early for dinner, but it was impossible to think of delay. Matt cut three huge slices of haunch and fried them, and they hungrily devoured this true hunters' dinner of solid meat and tea, without anything else. There was nothing else, in fact, but the mouldy oatmeal.

"And I'll tell you another thing, boys," said Matt as they feasted. "With one more good night's freeze we can move the ore with a sled, if we can rig one up. I went up to look at the cache. The ore's just as we left it. I don't know but we might even haul some this afternoon, but there are one or two places where we might break through."

The plentiful meal of hot meat changed the whole color of their spirits. With real energy Roll resumed work on his sled, with the help of Matt and Walter, and before dark they had it finished.

It was a decidedly crude affair, made of a couple of joists for runners, with the points rounded up, connected by cleats and planks, and a stout upright post at each corner, but it was strong enough to carry more weight than the boys could haul.

TO BE CONTINUED.



## Now comes the hardest work of all — to sit still and study!

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Food, of course, is the one great source of energy. Food which is known to be high in energy value should be a major part of every child's daily diet.

But food can also be a thief of energy, if it is hard to digest. For then it imposes a tax on the stomach which consumes extra energy.

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# FACT AND COMMENT



**S**UPERSTITION and ignorance can make men barbarous even in the midst of a noble civilization.

The Owl of Oldham won the Prize For Being Wise by Looking Wise.

**WITHIN ITS LIMITS** the merest little pool of water can reflect the heavens as well as the widest lake. So the narrowest and most secluded life can reproduce the divine pattern as well as the life that has had every advantage of culture and every opportunity of education.

**FORTY CARLOADS** of Missouri mules have been shipped to Morocco to be used by either the Spanish or the French in the campaign against the revolting Rifis. Abdel-Krim had better look out; the real fighting is now about to begin!

**A CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION** of the peculiar advantages of the commercial airplane service comes from England, where in the last days of June a single carrier of the Imperial Airways Express landed nearly a ton of watches from Switzerland to anticipate new duties that were to go into effect on July 1. Some one is now due to remark that the watches, being intended for English use, were probably equipped with 'air springs.

**ONE CLASS** of immigrants that our laws have not been able to keep out is the Flemish flies that come over from Antwerp every summer. The insects, which have a long and curious history, bite as if they were a cross between a yellow jacket and the big black-and-white wasps that the Vermont farmers call "Holsteins." They are said to have reached Antwerp more than three hundred and fifty years ago, on Spanish ships that came from Central America. Fortunately they seem not to breed here, but either die out or return on the vessels that bring them.

**IT IS GOOD NEWS** that authorities in many parts of the country have begun a concerted and determined attack on some of the vile magazines that have been choking the counters of the news stands. In Spokane the authorities have barred twenty respectable publications from sale. In Omaha, Nebraska, the county attorney has referred the complaints of high-school teachers to the Federal authorities. Chicago law officers have complained to Washington of twenty publications, and District Attorney Gordon of the District of Columbia has barred twenty-six.

## MEN AND MEASURES

**S**INCE popular government was instituted it has been tirelessly urged that the voters should think of measures, not of men. We should consider, we are told, not the candidate, but the abstract principle he represents, the ideal issue he is fighting for. If that commends itself to us as good and worthy, we should vote for the man who represents it.

There is a certain justice in this argument. There is always the danger that party considerations or mere personal popularity will make idols of men who are not really deserving, men whose first object is their own advancement and who think of the public good only secondly, or not at all. If we can look straight through the ballot box to the cause that is behind it, we have a better chance of serving that cause.

Nevertheless, the unflinching instinct of democracy for men is a true and right one. Always it has been the man who has led, the man who has swayed, the man who has governed; and it always will be. The average voter cannot intelligently judge measures. A few of the more enlightened may be able to do so. But the great mass of busy citizens cannot; they have neither the knowledge nor the experience nor the time. Government is probably the most complex and specialized of all businesses. It can be properly transacted only by men who have given their lives to investigating its difficult and subtle problems.

The one great task of the voter is to judge the character of men. It will be said that this also is immensely difficult. So it is. But we all face that task every day. The future of popular government depends absolutely upon whether the average voter can perform that task or not. We ought to realize this and make all our education, all our training, all

our discipline, develop and perfect us for it.

The ordinary citizen cannot govern for himself. His supreme and paramount business is to get good men and wise men to do it for him.

## IN PRAISE OF ROWING

**O**NE day this summer two old men, one seventy-one and the other eighty-two, stepped into a shell at the float of the Union Boat Club in Boston and, stroking sturdily, set off for Boston Light at the entrance of the harbor, eleven miles away. They reached the light without mishap, turned about and rowed all the way back at the same steady pace. They made the



William Tindale; from an old engraving

## TINDALE AND HIS BIBLE

**I**T is four hundred years this year since the first copies of William Tindale's translation of the New Testament came surreptitiously from the press at Cologne, to be followed in after years by those books of the Old Testament that Tindale lived to complete. This was not the earliest translation of the Scriptures into English. Wycliffe had made a version almost two centuries before, and there were still earlier translations of parts of the Bible in Saxon, Early English and Norman French. But between the fourteenth and the sixteenth century the English tongue was made over. It sloughed off the Saxon roughness and absorbed into its structure the French elements it was to preserve. Wycliffe's translation was no longer in the vernacular in 1525. A new version was needed if the Bible was to be read and understood by the people.

To this task the young scholar and priest William Tindale devoted himself. He could not get his work printed in England, where the prelates were still unwilling to put the Bible into the hands of the common folk. So he went abroad, first to Cologne, then to Worms, then to Antwerp, as he was driven about by the vigilant persecution of the church authorities. He worked in secret, got his books printed in secret, when and where he could, and, though the bishops made every effort to suppress and destroy the editions, a good many copies found their way across the Channel into England. Tindale, as he grew older, passed over more and

more completely to the Protestant faith. At last he was denounced as a heretic, betrayed to the Spanish officers in Flanders and died a martyr. He was first strangled, and then his body was burned at the stake.

The English Bible, as we have it today, is the work of many scholars. It did not take its final form, in the famous King James version, for seventy-five years after Tindale's death. But above all it bears the impress of Tindale's genius. His version was the basis of all the translations that followed; of Coverdale's as well as that of the college of divines that King James summoned to Hampton Court. It is his sure literary taste, his command of the young and still supple and plastic English tongue, his lofty and sonorous style, that give our Bible its extraordinary dignity and beauty. You would be astonished, if you made the comparison, to find how many of the beautiful passages that distinguish the King James version were taken over unchanged, or nearly so, from Tindale's book.

No translation of the Scriptures into a modern tongue is so remarkable for sheer beauty and power as our English Bible. No other book in the English language has had so profound and enduring an influence upon the peoples who speak that tongue. It is fitting at this time to remember the man who did more than any of his coworkers to make it what it is, and who, in doing so, laid not only his genius but his life itself upon the altar.

twenty-two miles in four hours; few youngsters would care to row any faster.

At the same time two other men, not so old, but well advanced in middle life,—one of them was fifty-seven,—were rowing in a wherry from Boston to New York. They made the trip in a little over five days. One day they rowed a hundred miles—from New London, Connecticut, to Rye, New York. They got to New York a week before their friends expected them.

These feats are extraordinary, in the sense of being very unusual, and yet there is no reason why any man of sound health should not, by doing as these men have done, equal their achievements. They have rowed steadily from youth, as other men walk; they have kept their muscles in trim and their circulation active by one of the best and most healthful exercises in the world.

The two veterans of the Union Boat Club have been rowing together, weather and water permitting, for fifty years. No doubt they owe their activity and agility in old age largely to the regular practice of oarsmanship. It is a pity that more youths and men do not follow their excellent example.

It is a question whether competitive rowing is to be recommended. Some authorities think the strain excessive and believe that, even if it is borne well in youth, the overdeveloped heart is a source of weakness in later years. Others are equally certain that it does no damage to a really healthy lad. But there is no argument about the kind of rowing these Boston men are accustomed to. It is a good thing and nothing else. It expands the lungs, exercises muscles all over the body, promotes a healthy appetite and an orderly digestion. The only trouble is that a great many people are not so situated that they can conveniently enjoy this delightful pastime; for water in sufficient quantity and of the proper smoothness to be navigable by rowboats is not everywhere to be found. Let us advise all who are more fortunately placed to have a boat and use it regularly—or a canoe, if that suits them better. Wherever water flows it is always interesting, and usually beautiful. The oarsman can feed his eye and nourish his sense of beauty while he is getting the wholesome exercise we have described. He may not live to be eighty-two, but his chance of it will be good, and, whatever the length of his days, they will be cheerful ones.

## HOW THE BREAD COMES BACK

**T**HIRTY years ago a Greek boy of eighteen came to this country and settled in New York City. His sole assets were one dollar and thirty-five cents, and he began business with a twenty-five-cent bunch of bananas. He is now the proprietor of a confectionery manufactory that yields him a very large income, and he has a wife and several children. All of his property he acquired in the United States; all his interests are here. What return has he rendered for all he has received?

Well, for several years he has made it his practice to give away all his profits except what he actually needs to support himself and his family. This year he sent gifts to twenty-five different charitable institutions, distributed one hundred thousand boxes of candy, gave a week-long block party with dancing, music and refreshments to his neighbors and sent money enough to Greece to support one hundred orphans.

There is another man in New York, a Jew, who has become a millionaire. He retired from business the other day with the announcement that he was going to devote the rest of his life to giving away his money. It is not his intention to work through the usual channels, but to seek out for himself deserving cases, especially those of persons whom a little timely help would put on their feet or a friendly hand outstretched with something in it would hearten to new courage and new effort.

These instances are not unique. No one who reads the papers regularly will fail to discover many that match them in character, though they may manifest their spirit in different ways; and there are many others who keep the deeds of one hand so carefully secret from the other that the world hears little of them. Nevertheless they weigh the balance against the heaped-up pan of crime and greed and sordidness of which the news columns seem sometimes to be so largely composed. They help, too, to answer the question, "What do our immigrants give us in return for the opportunities and the citizenship that we give them?"

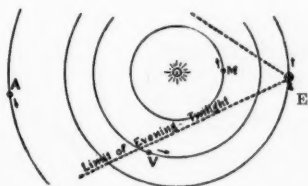
It is a pretty decent world after all.

## THE STARS THIS WEEK

**T**HE planet Venus has been conspicuous in the western sky all summer. And until winter this radiant point that outshines all the stars will be seen in the west before any of the stars come out and will set about two hours after sunset.



Mercury and Mars are now too nearly in line with the sun to be seen. The cut shows how the inner planets are situated just now, and the arrows show how they are moving. Mercury (M) passed the sun last Tuesday, and Mars (marked A, for Ares), hurrying



after the earth, will gradually fall behind in the race, so that by September 13 it will be directly behind the sun from us. The dotted lines show the extreme extent of twilight. There is, of course, no sharp line between the sunset and the dark sky of night, but when the sun is eighteen degrees below the horizon the earth's atmosphere no longer bends any of the sunlight around to make a glow in the

sky. The angle between the morning and evening twilight lines (the two dotted lines) is very wide in summer and narrower in winter.

Venus is traveling twenty-two miles a second in its orbit, while the earth is going only eighteen miles a second and has a much larger circle to travel in. So Venus is gaining on the earth and will get farther away from the twilight line and nearer to the earth and more brilliant all the rest of the year.

The diagram shows where the moon is on the 27th; you can see it just below the earth. Only the side toward the sun is lighted, and earth dwellers see the familiar half-moon. It is moving around the earth in the same direction as that in which the earth is moving around the sun. On Sunday night, the 30th, the moon will pass just above the planet Jupiter, which is so splendid in the eastern sky.

Readers who love to watch the sunset will be interested to see how soon after sunset they can see Venus and how much later they can discover Spica, a fixed star higher than Venus and a little to the left. If you stretch the arm and fingers, the distance from the thumb to the little finger will give about the right distance.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

THE visit of the American battle fleet to Australia was the occasion of some very remarkable expressions of the good will that the folk from "down under" feel for our country. At both Sydney and Melbourne greater crowds gathered than had ever been seen in those cities except when the Prince of Wales visited Australia five years ago. The most marked and unusual courtesies were extended to both officers and men. Australia, a little nervous about the possibility of an attempt on the part of the yellow races to spread into that country by conquest or otherwise, looks upon the United States as its natural ally and potential protector.

GREAT BRITAIN has managed to stave off the threatened strike in the coal mines; but it did so only by promising a sort of subvention or subsidy to the industry. The miners are to keep their present wages, although the mine owners maintain that they are so high that British coal cannot compete in the market with German coal. But the government will supply the money to enable the weaker mines to meet the wage schedule, collecting in turn the surplus above a profit of thirty cents a ton from mines that are able to show such a surplus. It is estimated that this arrangement will cost the government at the rate of at least \$50,000,000 a year. It is only a temporary arrangement, and the matter will come up again next year; meanwhile the ministry will have to face some severe criticism from those who dread the precedent of direct support of any industry by the State.

OUR Treasury is trying as hard as it can to persuade people to use more two-dollar bills. The demand for one-dollar bills—especially since the dollar has become almost as much "small change" as the half-dollar used to be—is tremendous, and the cost of printing and issuing them increases steadily. Curiously enough, it is hard to popularize the two-dollar bill. Hotelkeepers, restaurant men, ticket-sellers and shopkeepers in New York think it simply can't be done. Somehow or other an absurd superstition has got established pretty widely that two-dollar bills are unlucky, and many people actually refuse to accept them.

DURING the first 211 days of this year there were 227 murders in Chicago; a shocking record, and Chicago is not the most murderous city in the country either. Canada has between three and four times the population of Chicago, but only

one fourth as many murders. There can be no doubt that the delays and technicalities that hamper our courts of law and the sentimentality that affects judges, juries and community alike are largely responsible for our unsavory murder record. In no other country that can be called civilized is murder so safe, so unlikely to be visited with adequate punishment, as in the United States.

THE falls of Niagara, as we have often been told, are relentlessly eating their way back through the limestone rock toward Lake Erie. Sometime or other we shall have to do something about it—if nature doesn't do something first. But no one now living or any of our immediate descendants need worry. The falls are traveling backward about five feet a year. At that rate it will take something like four thousand years for them to reach the foot of Grand Island and twenty thousand years for them to work their way back to Lake Erie. As a source of power and an appropriate spot for honeymoons the falls will last for a good while yet.

MT. LOGAN, believed to be the second highest peak in North America, has been conquered by an expedition made up of members of the Canadian Alpine Club led by Captain MacCarthy, who reached the summit on June 23 after some painful experiences with the extreme cold and the difficulties of rock and ice climbing at so great an elevation. Mt. Logan is in latitude 61°, almost on the boundary between Canada and Alaska. Its height has been set at 19,500 feet, but the men who reached the top estimate it at several hundred feet more than that—probably over 20,000 feet.

MORE people paid taxes and in larger amounts during the twelve months ending the first of July than anyone expected. As a result the Treasury has called a greater number of bonds than it had planned to call and has reduced the national debt by the \$250,000,000 to which the surplus amounted. According to present estimates the surplus for next year will be about \$300,000,000. If it exceeds the estimate as much as it did last year, it will amount to about half a billion dollars. All of which can with great propriety be applied to paying off the debt. At that rate it will take us only about twenty years more to discharge the last of that tremendous burden of debt the war laid upon us.

## Next Week

THE GREEN HACKLE, by Ralph Henry Barbour

JUDY AND HAMMERHEAD, by Frances L. Cooper

A MOTHER OF TEN, by Elsie Singmaster

FIRST IMPRESSIONS, by Frances Lester Warner

SILVER DRIFT, by Frank Lillie Pollock  
Chapter IV

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The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

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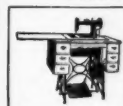
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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## HOLIDAYS

By Clinton Scollard

**N**OW that summer's come again  
We can wander down the lane  
Where the elderberries blow  
And the oxeye daisies grow.

We no longer need to think  
Of the stupid pen and ink;  
We can laugh in gay derision  
At the sums of Long Division  
Or the dreary old exactions  
Of that something they call Fractions.

We can find enough of Grammar  
In the cheeping yellow-hammer  
Or the chattering of the jay  
Perched upon a lilac spray.

In the meadows there will be  
Plenty of Geography—  
Lands more luring to a chap  
Than there are on any map.  
Here we can, in leafy nooks,  
Live like boys in story books.



DRAWN BY  
SHEILA  
YOUNG

## MAGIC

By Ethel Romig Fuller

**I**  
**O**NCE I had just half an hour  
To frolic by myself;  
Presto! By the lilac bush  
I turned into an elf.

**II**  
I whispered to a ladybird,  
"I really am a child,"  
But the disbelieving thing  
Shrugged its wings and smiled.

**IV**  
And beneath a pansy plant—  
A place no grown-up knows—  
I pirouetted with an ant  
On my elfin toes.



DRAWINGS BY  
DECIE MERWIN

"O Ida! You see this old stump I am standing on?"

"Yes," Ida called back. "What did you climb on that big stump for?"

"Oh, just for fun," was the gay reply. "I was picking blueberries here, and I climbed up just to look round, and what do you think I am looking at this minute the other side of this stump?"

"I don't know; what is it?"

"It is a big black dog. He looked up when I said that and winked at me. I guess he isn't used to hearing folks shout so loud!"

"Whose dog do you suppose it is?" Ida asked.

"I don't know; I never saw him before. His fur is thick and smooth, and he is a great big dog. Come on over and see if you know whose dog he is?"

"I don't know why we didn't see the dog before," Ida said as she came running toward the stump.

Instead of climbing on the stump to stand beside Lucy and look down on the dog, Ida waited a minute and remarked, "Yes, I hear him nosing round. Queer he doesn't bark, isn't it?"

Then she walked round the stump to look at the dog. The next second Ida began to scream at the top of her voice, "It's a bear, a bear, a bear! Oh, you big goose, Lucy; it's a bear."

Ida began to run, but Lucy didn't. Lucy stood still on the stump and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks because what she saw was so funny.

Ida scared that gentle black bear so badly when she screamed that he humped up, turned round and ran toward the far away woods as fast as he could travel; he didn't even look over his shoulder.

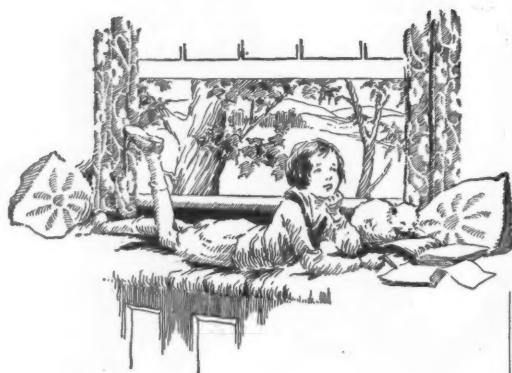
Poor Ida tried to run, but she stumbled over an old tree root, and down she sprawled and spilled every berry out of her new, shiny tin pail; she had picked her pail full of berries, too.

Even then little Lucy could not stop laughing.

"But," as Ida said soon afterward at her home, where she ran without stopping for breath, "it wasn't Lucy that almost bumped into a black bear, and Lucy was a goose, or she would know the difference between a dog and a big black bear—so there!"

Little Goose-Lucy though had blueberry pie for dinner that day; and she had a gay time telling the family the story of her adventure with a gentle black bear.

**V**  
Down the spice-pink-bordered path  
Mother came for me;  
The elf became a little girl  
Ready for her tea.



## About Lucy and the Gentle Black Bear

By Frances Margaret Fox

**O**NE time long years ago two little girls went blueberrying away off in the woods of northern Michigan. One little girl was Ida, and the other little girl was her friend Lucy. Ida was older than Lucy.

It was a beautiful morning when the little girls left their homes to walk down the Indian trail through the woods to the blueberry clearing.

"I hope we do not meet a bear!" Lucy cried as she walked softly along the trail.

"I am not afraid of bears," Ida answered, and she swung her new, shiny tin pail and hit the big trees with a stick as she passed them; she did not walk softly along the trail.

"Why, Lucy," Ida went on. (This is a true story.) "Don't you know that black bears are gentle? Don't you know that a black bear wouldn't hurt you for anything? You just say BOO to a black bear, and he will run away fast as he can go. My father has told me stories about them. He says they like to hide in the bushes to watch us; they watch us just for fun. Now I am not afraid of gentle black bears. If we see a bear this morning, you just watch me and see what I shall do!"

"I hope we shall not see a bear," little Lucy said again, "because it would scare me!"

It was such a lovely morning though, and the birds were singing so joyfully in the trees, that little Lucy forgot to be afraid and was happy. There were squirrels in the blueberry clearing and not a bear to be seen anywhere. Besides, Lucy had never seen a bear; she had heard stories about them, but that was all.

She picked blueberries, and Ida picked blueberries. The bees hummed, and the tall flowers nodded on their stems in that sun-bright clearing where the ground was blue with berries and the summer air was sweet. Suddenly little Lucy called aloud to Ida. She said:

**III**  
A dusty bumblebee and I  
Robbed the honey-crocks  
Of the Canterbury bells  
And the hollyhocks.





## A COMMON CARPENTER

SIR FRANCIS LEGATT CHANTREY was one of the great English sculptors of the last century; his statue of Washington stands in the State House in Boston. When he had become famous he was being entertained one day in the beautiful home of Mr. Rogers, a wealthy gentleman of London. He noticed a fine mahogany table, on which stood an antique vase, and he asked the owner if he knew who made the table.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Rogers, "it was made by a common carpenter in Sheffield."

"Do you remember the making of it?" pursued Sir Francis.

"Certainly I do," replied Mr. Rogers. "I was in the room while the carpenter was finishing it with his chisel, and I gave the workman directions about it."

"Yes," said Sir Francis, "I remember that room well and all the circumstances. I was the carpenter who made that table!"

Sir Francis was not ashamed of his humble beginning, and he was ready to bear tribute to the kind-hearted people who took an interest in him when he was a poor orphan boy and gave him encouragement, especially Lady Stanley. This lady was impressed with the modeling the boy had done in pastry for her table, interested herself in his future and had him placed with a carver and frame-maker in Sheffield, where, besides his beautiful wood carvings, he began to attract attention by his models in clay.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit," said Jesus Christ, who himself was never ashamed to have it known that he had labored as a carpenter in Nazareth. How much nobler is such a spirit than the petty pride that would cloak the past with its humble but honest service and forget the early helpers by whose aid the first steps were taken that led from obscurity to eminence.

## DRIVING IT HOME

FOR several days Bob, during his spare time from school, had been "working up" a cord of wood for the kitchen stove. Just now he was busy with a good-sized stick of white oak, silvery, and seasoned just enough to be obstinate. The saw began to bind and to go harder and harder. Finally it caught, and the boy, in an exasperated effort to force it, gave an angry shove that snapped the blade short off. In a fury he threw the frame into the far corner of the shed, kicked over the saw horse and went out to the barn, where he sulked till supper time.

His mother saw the whole episode, but she said nothing to Bob. That evening, however, when he had gone to bed, she told her husband.

"I don't know what we are going to do," she said. "I've talked and talked, but it's useless. In most ways he is a good boy, but when anything rouses him beyond a certain point he goes into a sort of frenzy and vents his spite on whatever happens to be nearest."

"I know, Mary," said her husband; "it has worried me too. Talking seems to do no good. I'm going to try something else."

A day or two later Bob, going into the kitchen in a hurry, tripped over the cat, which was a pet of his, but in anger at his own clumsiness he kicked her and then sat silent and moody all the evening, sorry for what he had done but too stubborn to admit it.

The next morning his father called to him from the barn to come out there a minute. Bob found him with a hammer in his hand. On a barrel head beside him was a box of nails.

"The doctors say," his father began dryly, "that to keep in good health a man needs a certain amount of iron in his system. I usually take mine in the form of spinach, but I think maybe you will get quicker results if you take yours in a different way. Here's a hammer, and here's a box of nails. Whenever you find yourself giving way to a fit of temper, take one of these nails and drive it into this post. Whenever you get the better of your temper and stop in time, you can pull out a nail."

Two months went by, in which neither Bob nor his father made any reference to the matter, but Mr. Hardwick noticed that the post was getting to be pretty thickly studded with nails, though it seemed to him that the boy's outbursts had been less frequent, or at any rate less violent. Then one day he happened to surprise Bob standing before the post and looking at it, hammer in hand.

"Why, Bob," he said, "you've got most of them out."

"Yes, father," said Bob, "but the holes are still there."

It is an age-old lesson that the boy had learned. Our good deeds may atone in a measure for the evil ones and keep us from new transgressions, but the scars of the old ones remain.

## PETE'S ODYSSEY

THE piece of miscellany called A Couple of Smart Dogs, printed in a recent Companion, has reminded a reader of a similar episode that happened in his family nearly seventy years ago. Father and mother, he writes, had decided to dispose of the old home in Michigan and move to the Western frontier about a thousand miles away, with a family of eight children. Among their possessions was a Newfoundland dog that they had raised from a puppy. Pete was a very intelligent dog. We had a number of cattle and extra horses, and Pete was worth several of us children when it came to driving stock.

## TRAILS

By Gertrude West



"A wandering road at sundown," said Kenny from Just Across;  
"A dry creek bed in the hollow and a foot log lichenized with moss;  
With over and over and over the flute of a cheerful quail;  
With dust and dew in the wheel tracks and shade on the homing trail.

"I met me a lad," said Kenny, "a gypsying, care-free stray,  
His white teeth dulled by the berries that drooped from a roadside spray,  
While shining and smiling and daring his young eyes sought to the west:  
'Yon farms are rich in the valley, but I would not own the best.'

"I questioned him why," said Kenny. "My love is the road," said he,  
'That leaps and loops into distance and never comes back to me.  
For what is there, man, in possession? A bird in the hand is tame.  
For me—I'll follow the quarry until I am old and lame.'

"I hid me a smile," said Kenny. "O youth, will it never learn  
That trails steal back in their windings, the silverest road must turn?  
Though, coiling and burning and gleaming, they lure the feet from the door,  
The longest route to be traveled comes back to the start once more.

"I said not a word," said Kenny, "I knew he would come to know,  
Through cow paths down to the pasture, up pikes where the motors go,  
Emerald, silver and opal, down sea lanes ploughed through the foam,  
The world, made round for a purpose, keeps turning our feet toward home.

"I stifled a laugh," said Kenny. "I troubled me not a bit—  
No trail leads out but is headed straight for a light at the end of it."

We crossed the Mississippi on a ferry-boat, and the captain of the boat remarked to father that he had a fine dog and asked if he wasn't afraid of losing him. Father replied that Pete would never leave us.

But Pete could never bear to be scolded. On the evening of the fifth day out from the river he did something that mother didn't like, and she said, "Why, Pete, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" That was all, but the next morning Pete was missing. Some of us children tracked him back for several miles and then gave up the chase.

Two mornings after this incident my oldest brother, who was twenty-one, was also missing from camp when the folks got up. He had been dissatisfied ever since we had crossed the Mississippi River, and when Pete disappeared he too turned back. When he arrived at the ferry crossing he asked the captain if he had seen a stray dog. The captain replied that a large Newfoundland dog had come aboard the ferry with all the dignity of a thoroughbred ancestry, walked to the side of the boat and lain down, but would admit of no familiarity from any one. The captain said he had intended to keep the dog if possible, but when the boat approached the eastern shore of the river the dog rose, bounded over the railing and swam ashore.

When my brother arrived at the old home in Michigan there was Pete, contented and happy, but he had arrived half starved and very foot-sore.

## THE CLEANEST THING ON EARTH

RAW sugar, so called, is dirty sugar. Since sugar must have been subjected to heat in order to be sugar at all, it isn't really raw; yet since it is not refined, it is termed raw.

The refining process, says a writer in Adventure, consists in taking the dirty gobs of sugar as shipped in pieces of matting and dissolving them in boiling water in a vat in the basement of the refinery. The liquid is pumped by a submerged pump to the top of the refinery, where it enters a succession of sacks of different mesh, each of which takes out its quota of dirt; the last strainer is of white silk. Thence it goes to the charcoal filters and the vacuum kettles and thence to the centrifugals, where the clear sirup is extracted; the part that crystallizes remains in the centrifugal. Into it a "doctor" is lowered, and the crystallized sugar is automatically scooped out on an endless belt that delivers it to the waiting barrels, which in turn are automatically moved along as the weight of the entering stream of sugar trips the trigger at the right moment. The lining papers are then rapidly folded into place; the head is put

in and nailed, and the barrel, ready for distribution, is sent on an endless belt to the warehouse.

White granulated sugar is the cleanest thing on earth. After it has passed the charcoal filters and the vacuum kettles it cannot have anything dirty in it unless some one deliberately puts it in.

## IN CHURCH WITH THE PURITANS

IF we were to be suddenly transported back to Puritan times, we should find the people in spite of many odd customs much like ourselves. For example, we read in some of the old letters and diaries of the period that the little boys needed a special officer to keep them in order in church. For some unknown reason all the small boys were herded in one great pew together, and naturally it was impossible for them to sit still during a prayer an hour long and a sermon three hours long. They made faces; they pulled one another's hair; they kicked one another; and they "sniggered" in meeting. But they had to be quick indeed about their mischief to escape the awful tithingman, who kept close to them and reached out with his long rod to rap any boy who was misbehaving. If a boy was very bad, the tithingman led him out of doors and administered more than a rap for punishment.

The grown-up people did not err on the side of restlessness in meeting. Those faithful old farmers who for six days had been hard at work from dawn till dark were likely to fall asleep when they sat down at ease on the seventh. It was the tithingman's business to wake up sleepers. A woman inside her great scoop bonnet could nap unnoticed, but when a man fell asleep he was under the eye not only of the tithingman but also of the vexed minister. The tithingman might come and tap him on the head, but the minister sometimes took matters into his own hands.

The story is told of one minister who watched with growing indignation one of his congregation—a man named Mark—who was soundly slumbering. At last the minister quoted the Bible verse with these words: "I say unto you, mark the perfect man." When he came to the word "mark" he shouted it in a loud voice. The sleeping Mark jumped to his feet and slept no more during that sermon!

A Maine minister, seeing most of his congregation asleep, once shouted, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" The men jumped up, crying out, "Where?" And the minister shouted back over the tumult, "In hell for sleeping sinners!"

There was in those days a distressing punishment for people who had misbehaved in some way too slight to come under the law. The minister would pray for them aloud in church,

naming both the sinner and the sin. One minister prayed at length for a young lady of his congregation and ended by saying, "She asked me not to pray for her in public, but I told her I should, and so I have. Amen."

Another minister, seeing a young man of his congregation come in very proud in gay apparel, prayed thus: "O Lord! We pray thee cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut." Needless to remark, poor Ned strutted no more that day!

A minister who had been newly ordained in his parish preached the same sermon for three successive Sundays. Then one of the deacons asked for a change. But the minister answered, "I can see no evidence yet that this one has produced any effect."

There was one delightful custom that shows a very human attitude in the stern Puritans. On the Sunday after a wedding the bride and bridegroom came to church in all their finery, and in the middle of the sermon they stood up so that all the congregation could see what they wore. Probably the custom took the place of the fashion plates in the magazines of our own day. For the bride would have her gown made in the latest fashion from abroad, and the bridegroom too was likely to be dressed in gay colors. One account of such a ceremony relates that Joseph Gay was clad in a velvet coat, a lace-trimmed shirt and white knee breeches, and that his bride wore a peach-colored silk gown and a bonnet trimmed with sixteen yards of white ribbon. In the middle of the sermon they rose from their seats in the front of the gallery and obligingly turned slowly round so that all their neighbors could see.

## SAFE, BUT IT NEEDED NERVE

SIR SIDNEY LEE in his recent biography of King Edward VII relates a little anecdote of his youth that certainly proved him a young man of excellent nerve, as well as one who, when he put faith in a man or a theory, did so without reserve. The Prince of Wales, as he then was, disliked books—throughout his life he did not enjoy reading—and was a far from brilliant student in the classical studies. But he did show some interest in science, especially in the laboratory experiments of Dr. Lyon Playfair, professor of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, whose lectures he attended during the summer before he entered Oxford.

On one occasion, says Sir Sidney, the professor tested his pupil's courage with triumphant result. The Prince and Playfair were standing near a cauldron containing lead, that was boiling at a white heat.

"Has Your Highness any faith in science?" asked the professor.

"Certainly," replied the Prince. Playfair thereupon washed the Prince's hand thoroughly with ammonia, and then invited him to place it in the boiling metal and ladle out a portion of it in his palm. The Prince asked, "Do you tell me to do this?" and on Playfair replying, "I do," the Prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron and ladled out some of the boiling metal.

He suffered no injury in the process, but the experiment required a stout nerve. Some years later, during his visit to Niagara, he witnessed a repetition by Blondin, the tight-rope performer, of the feat—which the famous French acrobat had achieved for the first time a few days before—of crossing the falls on a tight-rope with a man upon his back. He also wheeled a barrow across the rope, and made the return journey on stilts. When the Prince congratulated him on his exploits Blondin offered to wheel him across the rope into American territory. The Prince wished to accept the offer, but, though the desire was expressed more sportively than seriously, the companions and advisers who vetoed the proposal knew that he would really have thought it great fun to take the ride.

## WHO GOT THE REWARD?

A SUBSCRIBER sends us this story of a strangely recovered property. It is fortunate that a jay and not a magpie or a crow found the missing button. Neither of those "collecting" birds would have restored it so politely.

Miss Florence Hopewell of Tekamah, Nebraska, visited a neighbor some blocks distant. On her way going or coming she lost a valuable cuff button. She advertised in the local newspaper for the lost article. Three days later when Mr. Fred Ellis was walking in a path that led through the schoolhouse grounds a bluejay fluttered above his head and dropped the cuff button at his feet in front of him. He took it to the newspaper office, told of the incident and then returned the button to its owner.

## OVERSEAS VETERANS WILL APPRECIATE THIS

THOSE who have visited some foreign land with a very moderate stock of the language of the country and a still more moderate proficiency of accent will understand what the young man meant of whom the Tatler tells us. He had just returned from a trip to Normandy and was telling the girl all about it.

"Did you have any trouble with your French when you were out there?" she asked him.

"No," he replied, "but the French people did."

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It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

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Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

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Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

The world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

**FREE**  
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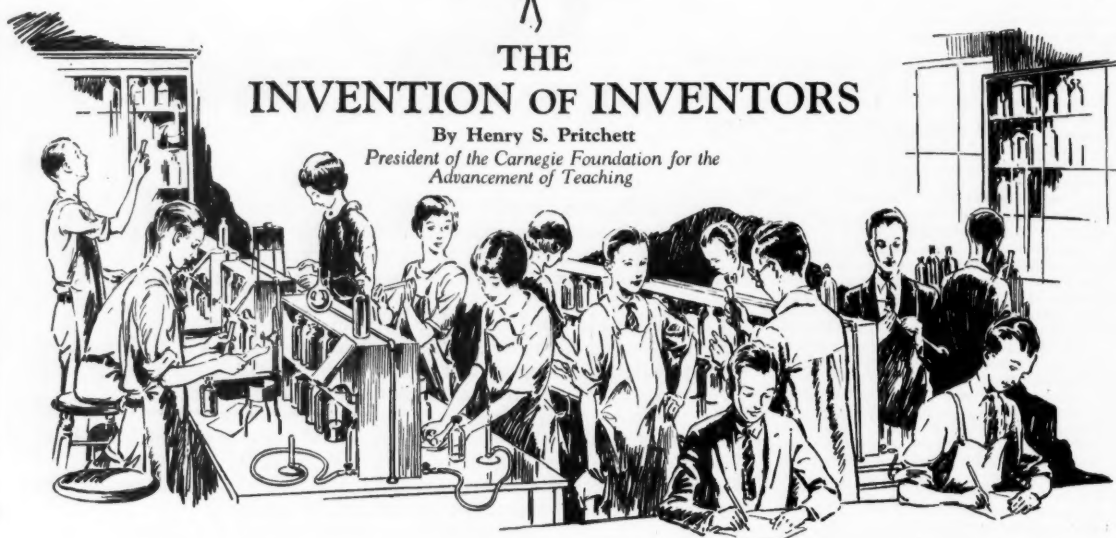
# SPORT AND SCHOOL



## THE INVENTION OF INVENTORS

By Henry S. Pritchett

President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching



**W**HENCE come the inventors? Are some men born inventors? Is there a school for inventors, or do they graduate out of some other calling into that of the inventor?

A complete answer to these questions would go far into the study of the influences that make our social and economic life. In one sense the true inventor is born, just as the poet is. That is to say, certain qualities of mind and of imagination are necessary to any human being in order that he may invent. Starting with this native endowment, one inventor may grow into his calling through the training of the shop and another through the training of the school. Edison is an example of the one, Marconi of the other.

It is, however, not known to everyone that besides the inventors who grow up naturally, as one might say, there is a very large group of inventors who are themselves invented.

That is to say, a number of people in the world take to inventing at the instigation of other people or at least at the suggestion of influences entirely outside themselves and without any previous training or study such as would naturally direct their energies to the field of invention which they invade. In truth the farther this field lies from the actual work and experience of the individual the more attraction it seems to have for him.

Three interesting examples of the invented inventor came to my attention some years ago. The first was in a large city in the West. Over the door of his office, which was located in a side street near a thoroughfare, was the suggestive sign "Julius Kepper, Inventor." I read this legend many times a day, wondering what sort of man it could be who so boldly announced himself an inventor. Most men hope to invent. This one knew he could. Finally I came to know him and something of his history.

At thirty-five he had gone out of the clothing business with a few hundred dollars and no visible means of making a living. Attracted by the newspaper accounts of electrical inventions, small and great, he decided to be an inventor. The first step was to hire an office and have the sign painted, the second to secure a cheap room that could be used for a shop or experimental laboratory. At first he thought of employing an electrician as an assistant, but he decided to wait until the first customer arrived.

He was not long in coming. Men in need of inventions are as plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa. The first applicant wanted a mechanical appliance to improve defective hearing. Kepper and his assistant provided it in the form of a hollow cane, the tip of which could be inserted in the ear.

"Could the man hear when using it?" I asked. "No," said Kepper, "but it was a good invention."

Business increased rapidly, and other workmen were added to the staff, until finally Julius Kepper, Inventor, came to maintain a large shop and to undertake to invent for any human need.

The second case was that of a man on a ranch a hundred and fifty miles from a railroad. He had taken up the land eighteen years before and had never been "out to the railroad" since. When he left civilization he had been a constant reader of the papers and had evidently been strongly impressed by the accounts of train robberies of that period. So deep was this impression that in the isolation of ranch life it became a controlling idea with him, and he set to work to devise a robber-proof express car.

The model was kept in the barn and shown only to the most trusted friends. Twenty years of work and much money had gone into it before the inventor was satisfied. Then he wrote to the manager of a great railroad system to offer his invention. The reply came back, "Train-robbing has gone out of fashion."

My third experience showed how an innocent man may contribute to the invention of inventors. Some years ago I described in *The Youth's Companion* some tools of the future and among other problems alluded to the efforts to deal with the energy of the sun received at the surface of the earth. It is well known that for many hours on every clear day the sun delivers on a square yard of surface the equivalent of two horse power working continuously.

I made an estimate that on a certain number of acres in sunlit Arizona enough energy was being dissipated to heat, warm and do the mechanical work of all the United States. Some day, I argued, the problem of storing, transforming and transmitting this Arizona

battered because he undertakes to deal with problems wholly beyond his reach.

If a man honestly aspires to be an inventor he does well to remember that the great inventions which appeal so strongly to our imagination are not the isolated achievements of individuals, but the culminations of results of many years and of many men's work. True success in invention comes only with hard study and thorough knowledge of the work of those who have gone before. The true inventor grows, he is not invented.

### "LET'S PLAY TAG"

**T**HE game of tag can be so varied as to afford a much more diversified amusement than most persons suppose.

There is squat tag, for example. The player who is "it" chases you, but if you squat down he is not allowed to tag you. Then he chases some one else; and so you keep on squatting and running until the player who is "it" succeeds in tagging some one.

In wood tag the player who is "it" must not tag anyone who is touching wood; if the player who is pursued touches the house or a tree or any other piece of wood, he is safe.

In partner tag all the players except "it" and one other take partners and hook arms. The boy who is "it" chases the lone player. If the latter hooks your arm, your partner must run; but if he hooks your partner's arm, then you are the runner. The runner of course tries to hook some other player's arm before he is tagged. The other players avoid him.

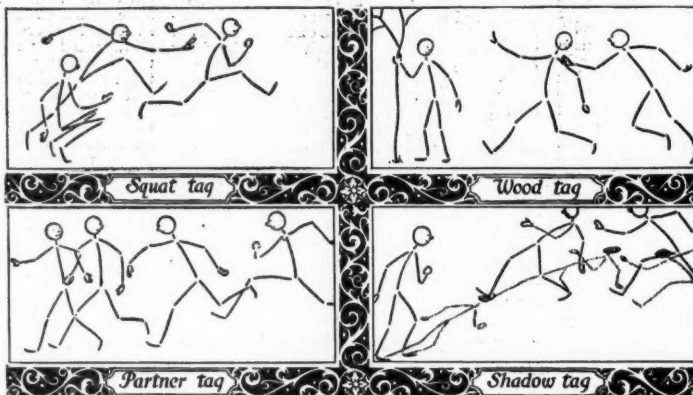
Shadow tag can be played only on sunny days. If "it" chases you, you try to step on some one's shadow. So long as you remain standing on the shadow you are safe.

In cross tag you watch your chance to cross between "it" and the player whom he is chasing. "It" then chases you until some one crosses between you and him.

There is also another kind of cross tag. In that you cannot be tagged so long as you keep your feet crossed, but it is not an easy matter when you are running fast to stop quickly and cross them.

In hang tag "it" can tag a runner whose feet are on the ground; a player who is pursued must try to find something that he can hang from—the porch railing, a tree or a bar. He must have both feet off the ground. A variation of this is up tag. To avoid being tagged you must lie down or sit down and raise your feet off the ground. The two games should not be combined, because that would cause disputes.

Japanese tag is the most exciting game of all. The player who is "it" tags you on the shoulder perhaps. You are then "it," and you must keep one hand on your shoulder until you tag some one else. If you should happen to tag a player on the ankle just for fun, he must keep one hand on that ankle while he runs round trying to tag some one else.



sun energy, which now goes to waste, would be solved.

Since that day I have had many letters from inventors who assured me that they had taken up the problem as a life work. Some of them intended to emigrate to Arizona; some announced that they could see success in sight; others invited investment in an apparatus partly completed but sure to succeed. It was evident that a number of experimenters were seeking to solve a problem with which they were utterly unprepared to deal.

Does the invented inventor succeed?

That depends on what one means by success. Sometimes he makes money, as Kepper made it, by systematically working out small problems of all sorts. Sometimes he gets a deal of pleasure in the pursuit of an unattainable or even useless end. More often he goes astray and grows em-



Anderson Hall  
Eastville, Illinois

August 7, 1925.

Dear Emily:

What a start your letter gave me! I had no idea that you were planning to go to boarding school this September—least of all to Anderson Hall. I'm so glad! Of course I shall love to "take you under my wing"—how quaintly you put it—and give you all the pointers about what to bring and what to do and what not to do and all the rest of it.

By the way, we are planning to have a reception for the new girls the first Saturday evening after you come, and I want you to go to it with me. Will you? It is not a formal affair, but we wear our best bib and tucker and try to make a real occasion of it. Don't be scared. I am going to wear only a little light-blue georgette with very short sleeves and white slippers and white stockings. I hope you will like it, for I shall wear it to everything under the sun this year. You can't think how that sort of dress lends itself to all occasions in boarding school. Be sure to tuck one or two in your trunk, and have a wardrobe trunk if you can. We are allowed to keep them in our rooms for the closets are small.

Now for the general idea of some of the things you are to need. There is of course the inevitable white sweater; the one you had at camp last summer will be great. You have to have it for parades and field days and things. And a good pair of walking shoes, and two or three sport dresses and a soft sport hat for hiking, some sweaters and a knock-about coat. A raincoat is indispensable. We have to go walking every day, you know, two by two, with a teacher in front and one behind, and sometimes we walk in the rain. We go toward the prison. The only other walk we can take is past the post office, and that is always filled with boys from the academy. Members of the faculty are afraid we shall flirt with them. Isn't it ridiculous? Once when the line went by the post office one of the girls sneezed, and immediately a dozen boys appeared at the window. Of course we smiled. Who wouldn't have? Ever since then we have walked toward the prison. But anyway, you need a raincoat.

Did you ever really learn to play tennis? I remember your attempts at camp, and I can't say that at that time the outlook was encouraging. But of course you never can tell and you may be a whiz by now. We have several good courts, and almost everybody plays. Bring along a good racket and balls and a pair of sneakers; and if you haven't learned to play, I'll undertake to teach you myself. But never mind, we have a peach of a swimming pool, with a diving board where you can make us marvel at your jackknives and back dives—and where you can "crawl" to fame in no time.

But clothes and sport togs are only one item on the list of boarding-school necessities. Of course you know about having to furnish your own linen—towels and pillow-slips and wash cloths and sheets. And do be sure to have them well marked with your whole name; they get frightfully mixed up in the laundry. I had no idea there were so many Betty Bates's in the world as appeared in the Anderson Hall laundry my freshman year.

A fountain pen is an absolute requisite, and you can never get to breakfast on time without an alarm clock, particularly if you have happened to be on a midnight feed the night before. Don't forget to stock up with soap and tooth paste and powder and hairpins and hair nets and needles and thread and snap fasteners. You can't think how hard it is to keep supplied with them, and you can never trust your roommate to have enough. By the way, have you any idea who your roommate is going to be? I'm afraid this note holds more advice than you really asked for, but I wanted to put down everything that came into my head and let you do the discarding.

Won't you write me a line before you come and say that you will go with me to the reception? But I know you are dreadfully rushed these last days, so if you don't have time to write just look me up the minute you reach Anderson and we'll go off and get acquainted with everything. I live at 53 Old Watkins. Anyone will tell you how to get there.

Good luck, Emily! I hope you will find Anderson all that you want it to be and more. We'll do our best to make you.

With love,  
BETTY BATES

EASTVILLE ACADEMY  
EASTVILLE, ILLINOIS

August 14, 1925.

Dear Millburn:

Shake! My name is Wister—"Slim," because I'm not slim and my first name is James. I'm finishing at the academy this year (if I don't flunk) and hence rate as a senior who has the honor of welcoming a freshman. That's you. I'm using the academy stationery (and my portable typewriter) simply to show you how well the paper looks, for of course I'm still at home.

Before I entered my mother found out from the mother of a fellow who was graduated six years before just what I ought to take for equipment. She found out all wrong. Ask the man who knows—that's me. But you don't have to; I'm writing to tell you.

The rooms are furnished with just the sort of stuff I'd like to have at home: two Windsor chairs (I threw one out of the second-story window without breaking it), a flat-topped desk with three drawers on the side and a deep flat one under the top, a three-shelf bookcase, white iron cot with 36x72-inch mattress, steel wastebasket, towel rail in the wash room, long bar for clothes-hangers in the closet, battleship linoleum for the floor. This last is cold to step on in the early morn, so a little rug to put beside the bed will make life easier for your bare toes. You have to supply sheets and blankets and other bed furnishings, so I suggest gray blankets with a red stripe 'cause those are the school colors. Pictures are fine, but the glass is apt to get broken, so banners and posters are better. A "rubber-neck" electric desk lamp with a metal shade is necessary. What I said about pictures goes on glass shades for lamps. Silver cups and prizes had better be kept hidden until next year. No freshman is supposed to be good enough to have won any.

Come along up at least three days before the date set for the opening so that you can get acquainted with the place. Look me up at Conant 37 the first thing and I'll take you round. You can buy a lot of your stuff here, and it'll be like what the rest wear, but get your lumberman's shirt and your sport sweater at home so they'll be different. There's a standing offer of five dollars for the man who can find an orange-and-red checked shirt, but I've never seen one. Green-and-red and black-and-red are most common.

You play tennis, I hear, so bring your outfit. The steel tennis rackets with steel strings are good and economical. If you use the gut strings, you'll save a lot of time and money by taking care of them. A rubber cover and a frame are good. We have dirt courts, so you need heavy sneakers. Dark ones stay clean longest. Gray trousers are better than white. Everyone has a sweat shirt with his pals' names written on it.

Have a camera by all means. It saves writing letters. You can just pop a picture of what you did into an envelope and rush it home. If you must plan to write letters, be prepared with a fountain pen that's so good you won't want to lend it and some envelopes with your name and address on them. Statistics gathered at the local post office show that 5.01762 per cent of the letters mailed by fellows at the school have no stamps on them, so that's where the address comes in.

And so it goes. I could spiel on indefinitely about fancy striped belts, typewriters, desk dictionaries, patent trousers presses, clothes-hangers, fishing tackle, 22 rifles and what not, but I won't. Come up and see me at Conant 37. You're the only freshman who's not fair game for me.

Yours for an early spring,  
"SLIM" WISTER



## FOOT BALL POINTERS

**B**EGINNERS in foot ball should do two things: Read the rules, and watch the practise of others. If the latter be impossible, they must after having read the rules, start in and, with eleven on a side, play according to their own interpretation of the rules. When differences of opinion arise as to the meaning of any rule, a letter addressed to any of the Spalding stores (located in all principal cities of the United States) will bring a prompt explanation.

### Making the Forward Pass

For speed, accuracy and distance the over-hand spiral far excels any other type of pass. The hand should grasp the ball well at the rear, keeping the elbow close to the side. Draw the hand well back, as in pegging a base ball to second, then whip the hand forward, the elbow coming along with it in order to keep the point of the ball up so that it will carry. As the ball is being released, draw the fingers and hand down across the side of the ball giving it a spiral motion. When devising a forward pass play, it is well to keep in mind that the old-fashioned method of standing still to throw is no longer effective. Additional advantage to the team in possessing the ball is always gained by a surprise attack such as a forward pass from a supposed end run, criss-cross, or kick formation. As the passer is in motion, there is presumably fifty per cent more chance of the play being completed.



### ROCKNE'S NOTRE DAME DELAYED PASS

Right end blocks opposing tackle. . . . Line blocks from tackle to tackle. . . . No. 5, left end, checks opposing tackle for an instant and then runs down and cuts to the right to receive the pass. Backs 4 and 3 start operations with fake run to the right. Back 4, faking as if he has the ball, runs fast and blocks opposing left end. . . . Back 3 runs slowly, is passed by Back 4, watches his chance and then darts for open spot where he receives the pass. . . . Back 2 delays until Backs 4 and 3 have passed and then fakes split back to the left, blocking the end after carrying out his bit of camouflage. . . . Quarter-back, who plays the most important part in the formation, takes ball from center and fakes it to right to Back 4, then turns quickly and fakes ball left to Back 2. After these movements the quarter-back runs back and makes a running pass to Back 3, whose position is indicated in the accompanying diagram. . . . If Back 3 happens to be closely guarded the ball may be passed to No. 5, the left end, who also is in position to catch the ball. . . . Rockne's formation is designed to feint the opposing secondary defense out of position and clear the way for receiver of the pass.

### Carrying the Ball

In getting ready to start with the ball, the back's feet are spread, but not too far apart. Both feet are placed on the same line. The player steadies himself by placing one hand on the ground. Just previous to the start of the play he rises on his toes. On end runs and wide tackle plays the ball should be tucked under the armpit as in that spot there is the least possibility of having the ball "knocked loose" resulting in a possible fatal fumble. However, a good backfield player can shift the ball from arm to arm in a fraction of a second and have one arm free for defense. On straight line bucks, the ball should be in the pocket formed by the stomach and legs and held firm with one hand.

### On the Rush Line

A fast hard charging rush line is the prime requisite of every successful foot ball team. A fast forward copies the sprinter. He has his weight on his front foot. There is no weight on his hands. His rear foot is ready to come forward in a quick short stride. His shoulders are a trifle higher than his thighs. He drives in an upward direction with his shoulders. In such manner he moves his opponent off his balance and then with quick, short, choppy strides carries the opposing player back out of the path of the play.

—Advertisement.



## Down the Field!

. . . . Make that run with Spalding equipment—the kind the big colleges use!

Take the J5 for instance. Boy! how you can kick with it. J5 is the ONE foot ball used in all the important contests for the past 30 years. It is the only UNLINED ball that will keep its shape. Goals can be kicked with the J5 that never could be made with a lined ball [lining deadens a foot ball].

[There are other Spalding foot balls, too, at all prices.]

Then there are Spalding foot ball shoes . . . sturdy, fast! . . . shoes that help in getting your man, or taking the ball around the ends! And Jerseys, Pants, Stockings, Head Harness, Pads . . . everything to help you!

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AND NOW, just a word to Mother: Never purchase these delicious little crackers by the single package — buy several. They are irresistible, so that one package is emptied almost as soon as it is opened. And besides they are delightful served with soup or salad or in combination with *au gratin* dishes.

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## THE SYNDICATE STUDY-HOUR

THE story goes that a seventh-grade boy who had always been helped by his father and mother when preparing his lessons at home once brought them a difficult set of compound-interest problems. He begged his father to do them for him, and his father solved them by a method in vogue when he was a boy. The next night the father inquired the result and was told that the answers were right but the method wrong. "But never mind, papa," said the boy comfortingly; "all the other mamas and papas did them wrong too."

All "mamas and papas" have a definite problem here. Shall they or shall they not turn their children's study-hour into a syndicate affair? It is the rare boy who will not accept all the help he can get; where are parents to draw the line? Certainly it is dishonorable for a child of ten to hand in papers prepared by grown men and women long since out of school.

"Oh, yes," said a conscientious mother proudly, some fifteen years ago, "I always sit down with Merwin every night. I have always kept up my studies so that I could help my children."

This sounded very companionable at the time. But this particular boy never did learn to work independently. His mother helped him through high-school Latin and composition; his father faithfully solved Merwin's algebra and trigonometry problems each night. Naturally, Merwin was weak in examinations, and therefore entered a small college that required no entrance tests. At college he sorely missed those daily home-tutoring bees and got help from his clever roommate, studying "with" him when he could. But the roommate was poor in English.

### A Remarkable Theme

At last one day Merwin handed in a theme so remarkable that the instructor showed it to the head of the department as an example of what a freshman could do. The essay was handed to the editor of the college magazine and was on the point of publication when one of the editorial board came to the English instructor in great excitement and showed him an old copy of a widely read magazine that contained an editorial article exactly like Merwin's theme. Plagiarism was charged; the librarian produced the call-slip that proved that Merwin had taken out the bound volume of the magazine containing that article. Other themes of Merwin's were examined and were found to be copies of other articles found in magazines. And, fairly or not, the boy was expelled from college.

Plagiarism is a grave offense, but in Merwin's case it dated back far earlier than college days. All his life his parents had let him sign his name to their work; why not sign it to a well-known author's? The boy's own signature had lost its significance. He had not been brought up to feel that it was his own sacred, copyright, legal sign and seal.

This was an extreme case, for most parents try to confine the help they give their children to explanations and hints. But inevitably when two minds attack a problem it is the mature mind that leads. It really is a temptation to lend a hand, for no true parent likes to see his child in difficulties. But many students, knowing that their parents will explain everything at home, hardly listen to the explanations that are given at school. Many a boy dreams away his recitation hour, knowing that when he goes home he will have another session of "being taught."

It is as if a boy at dancing school should spend the time idly staring out of the window and then in the evening ask his parents to show him how to dance. Parents who had not kept abreast of the subject could show him how they used to waltz and two-step. Up-to-date parents could teach him their version of the latest fad. But in neither case would the boy get the benefit of the professional teaching he should have had.

### Intentional Forgetting

The mother of one of the most original and brilliant young men in public affairs today used to refuse point-blank to help him with his studies. "Oh," she would say when he begged her to explain his sixth-grade arithmetic, "you must run your own business. I've forgotten all I ever knew about that." Finally in exasperation one day the little fellow retorted, "Well, mother! If I forget as many things as you have, I shan't know as much when I'm your age as I do now!" His mother, a college graduate, bore this judgment meekly and stuck to her principles. She bought supplementary textbooks approved by the headmaster of the school, and when her boy was really in trouble she would point out places where he might always look up explanations and directions for himself. She taught him to go straight to authorities for explanations, never to the amateur, or to a relative or a friend. She taught him to use reference books and to feel at home with the printed page. But all his actual work, she told him, must be honestly his own, and the more he would finish of it in school hours the more equipment and apparatus she would give him for his private hobby, electrical experiments. This boy learned to make the most of every spare minute in school, to dig things out for

himself, to grasp printed instructions at first hand without asking anybody questions and to sign his name, for better or for worse, to his own honest work.

That boy is now a conspicuous scientist and inventor. If his mother had "sat down with him" every time he had a difficult bit of work to do, would he have turned out so well? One cannot, of course, be sure. But it does seem reasonable that character and originality are likely to develop most freely when a young man's work has from earliest days been always honorably his own—not a patchwork affair produced by a syndicate of protecting relatives and friends.

## THE BUSINESS OF SCHOOL

ANY successful business man or woman will tell you that business is the greatest game in the world; and can tell you in the next breath that going to school is a business—not only a tremendously important business but perhaps the most fascinating business imaginable. Of course you say, "But nobody gets paid for going to school. You don't get a nice fat envelope every Saturday." Don't you? It is true that nobody gets one *at the time*, but it is an absolute certainty that you will get paid for it later—and paid according to the kind of work you do in school, just as workers get paid for their particular qualities in business.

The building of bridges and railways, the painting of pictures, the writing of books and stories, the carving out of great business enterprises, the fascinating careers of doctors, lawyers, scientists—all these seem marvelous things. Is it any wonder that we are impatient to try them? Is it strange that we think these are the only things worth while? Not at all. But boys and girls have within their grasp a business with a glamour equal to that of any of these. And that business is just going to school with the same enthusiasm and zest that the great ones of the world put into their careers.

What is the business of going to school? Is it so many hours devoted to mathematics, English, history, the sciences and languages? That is a part of it, certainly. But there is more to it than the pursuit of those things. It can be made a slipshod business, which in the commercial world would mean eventual bankruptcy, or it can be made highly efficient and productive. The student who approaches his school life in the latter spirit is simply going about it in the same way he will later enter the larger career of his destined work. The school boy who makes of his school life a business is doing the same thing that his father is doing in his work.

How does father hold his job? What insures him his position—even if he is the head of the concern? Does he make a habit of getting into the office late? Does he play hooky if the fishing looks good, or he may wake up some morning with a lazy feeling? Does he half-do his work? Does he throw his papers into the corner of his office with a bang—as if they were, say, a bundle of books? If the boss gives him a hard task to do, does he go to sleep over it and later stand up and say "I dunno"?

### Not a Single "Dunno"

He does not. None of those things can he do and keep his place—or his sense of honor or even the joy of living. Many days he works when he doesn't want to. The hard task he learns to welcome—because it's the hard ones well done that lead to things higher up; they are the acid test. It is needless to say that he keeps his desk ship-shape, that he treats the tools of his trade or profession with excellent care.

That is his business, the business of his business, so to speak. Now we begin to see how going to school can be a business. The most difficult experiment in chemistry, the seemingly impossible task, is the one you will remember; and if it is honestly and successfully done it will bring a glow of pride years afterwards. The business world hates a quitter—facing and conquering the snags in school work tempers you against being that later on.

We often hear the phrase, "He's right on the job," and that may mean that the one alluded to is a smart big-league center fielder or the president of a railway, but, whatever the premises, it really means this—he is on the mark ready to go *before* the start of things, not fifteen minutes late. It means he is out there doing his best, whether in the open sun or under some skylight in Wall Street, every business day. He is the man to be depended on. The student who does the same gets infinitely more out of his school career than the haphazard scholar.

The most valuable man in any walk of life is the one about whom they can say this: "He did more than he was asked or expected to do." Nothing but death and cyclones can stop a man like that. Can we do that in school? Every day. The theme given out, the experiment in physics or chemistry, the French translation, the assignment in the school workshop—all these and many others can be carried just a little further than the instructor asks, and the result is a satisfaction to the doer that money can't buy. A little more than was asked means A-plus. The A-plus man after school days are over is the one everybody wants. The D-minus man—well, he gets fired first and hired last.

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